THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

CONTAINING

Lord Camelford's Dog, Trusty · *Page* 103
Matches of Cocking · · · · · · · · 103
Coursing at Doveridge · · · · · · · · 104
Training of Jockeys · · · · · · · · 104
Pigeon Shooting · · · · · · · · 106
Sale of Mr. Mellish's Stud at Tattersall's · · · · · · · · 107
Feast of Wit, Eccentricities, &c. · · · 109
Ramble from Ringwood to Galton, in Dorsetshire · · · · · · 116
The Viper · · · · · · · · 116
Ringwood · · · · · · · · 117
Poole · · · · · · · · 118
Isle of Purbeck · · · · · · · · 118
Corfe Castle · · · · · · · · 118
Wareham · · · · · · · · 119
The White Hart · · · · · · · · 120
Second Trial of O'Donnell · · · · · · · 121
Horse Races on the Continent · · · · 123
Deserts of Arabia.—A Melo-drama · 125
Correct List of the Winning Horses, &c. in Great Britain · · · · · · · · 126
Beverley Election.—Affair of Honour between Major General Burton and Mr. Wharton · · · · · · · · 139
The Americans *v.* Anacreon Moore 143
Extraordinary Peril and Extrication 144
First Visit to Vauxhall Gardens · · · 145
Robin's Ghost · · · · · · · · 147
Stewards for Races, for 1807 · · · · · 148
The celebrated Ass, Ruzio · · · · · · · 148
The Drama.—Tekeli · · · · · · · · 149
Mr. H*********.—A Farce · · · · · 150
Arbitration.—A Farce · · · · · · · · 151
Wild Oxen and Wild Dogs at Buenos Ayres · · · · · · · · 152
Showing a Horse · · · · · · · · 152
Sporting Intelligence · · · · · · · · 153
Caledonian Hunt · · · · · · · · 153
Sporting Leap · · · · · · · · 154
Sporting Extraordinary · · · · · · · · 155
Lord Darlington's Fox-hounds · · · · 155
Lord Derby's Lancashire Deer · · · · 156
Coursing Meetings.—Malton concluded · · · · · · · · 157
Swaffham · · · · · · · · 158
Newmarket · · · · · · · · 158
Ilsley · · · · · · · · 158
Trotting Matches · · · · · · · · 158
Pedestrian Feats · · · · · · · · 159
Messrs. Grindall and Colly · · · · · · 160
Knightley and Kensey · · · · · · · · 160
Boxing.—Jack Ward and a Butcher 160
POETRY.
Prologue to the Comedy of Maids and Bachelors; or, My Heart for Your's · · · · · · · · 161
Queen Mab's Metamorphoses · · · · 162
Hunting Song · · · · · · · · 164
Prologue to Mr. H——— · · · · · · · · 164

Embellished with, I. *A beautiful Engraving of Lord Camelford's Dog, Trusty.*
II. *Showing a Horse.—An Etching.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

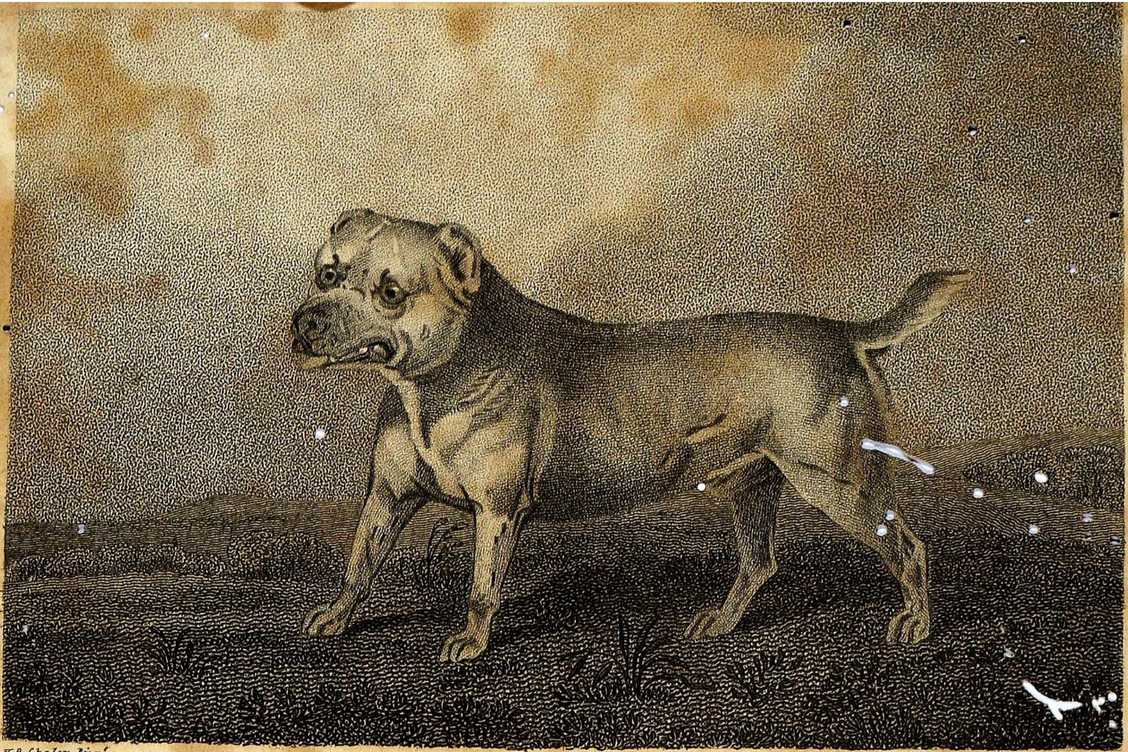
AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. J. LAWRENCE's Proposals for extending the publicity of the Vaccine Inoculation shall be considered in our next. The plan of rendering the Clergy assistants to the poor, in the administration of medicine, and even some of the lower branches of surgery, has already been acted upon in some parts of Germany.

A Correspondent observes, that in the Prologue to "Adrian and Orrila," line 8, page 98, instead of "*that* Just," &c. it should be read "the Just."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



E. B. Chalon, Pinx.t H. R. Cook, Sc

Lord Camelfords dog Trusty.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

LORD CAMELFORD'S DOG, TRUSTY.

Engraved from a Painting of Mr. Chalon's, by H. R. Cook.

TRUSTY, a celebrated fighting dog, was bred by H. Mellish, Esq. and of whom the late Lord Camelford purchased him for eighty-four guineas; he was so great a favourite of his Lordship's, that he always accompanied him wherever he went: and a short time before his Lordship's death, he gave him to Belcher, the pugilist, who presented him to Capt. Barclay, of Urin, in Scotland, whose property he now is. He has fought fifty pitched battles, for large sums of money; the last of which was with Mr. Marsden's dog, of Tottenham Court Road, for fifty guineas a side. He has killed three celebrated dogs in his time, and was never beat.—The black and white spots on him are scars from the wounds he has received in the different battles he has fought. Captain Barclay has such a value for the dog, that it is said he will never let him fight any more.

MATCHES OF COCKING.

THE gentlemen whose names are undersigned, have agreed to fight four cocks, &c. at Mr. R. Martin's pit, in Richmond, Yorkshire, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of January next. On Monday and Tuesday to fight three cocks, &c. each, for ten guineas a battle; weights from 3lb. 15oz. to 4lb. 2oz.—On Wednesday, a Welch main for one hundred pounds, 4lb. 6oz. the highest.—To weigh on Friday before fighting.—Stags and Blinkards to be allowed two ounces. To stake and draw as usual.

Sir F. Boynton, Bart. ..	Mr. Bell ....
Sir F. Boynton, Bart...	Mr. Wray ....
Mr. Wetenhall.........	Mr. Raine..................
Mr. Wetenhall.........	Mr. Spenceley..............
Mr. R. C. Burton	Mr. Lakeland ....
Mr. R. C. Burton	Capt. Morley.—Battles only...
Mr. Trotter..........	Capt. Morley...............
Mr. Trotter..........	Capt. F. Hartley...........
Sir W. Gerard, Bart....	Mr. Watt...................
Mr. J. Bell...........	Mr. Wycliffe ....
Mr. Hutchinson	Mr. Witham ....
Mr. Parkinson	Capt. J. Peirse............

There will be a Main of nine Cocks fought at the Rein Deer Pit in Lincoln, on Monday the 12th of January 1807, between R. C. Burton, Esq. and J. Johnson, Esq. for 50gs a Battle, and 300gs the Main.——And on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, will be fought a Long Main between Colonel King, for South Lincolnshire, and Major Coats, for North Lincolnshire, for 4gs a Battle, and 100gs the Main.—Setters, Thompson for Mr. Burton, and Probin for Mr. Johnson.

COURSING AT DOVERIDGE.

Sir R. Cavendish's Ground.

THE hares, which were in great abundance, ran so ill, that trials could scarcely be obtained for the greyhounds. Amongst the best were those of Mr. Mundy, of Marton, whose breed has so long been celebrated. Mr. Swinfen, for speed and beauty, produced one of the finest greyhounds ever seen there. It was got by Mr. Thornhill's Butterfly, who was got by Old Snowball, whose stock never fails. Mr. Princep's unfortunately had the distemper, in his kennel, and was disabled from bringing his dogs in their usual style. Mr. Noon's were in the same condition. Mr. Cave Browne produced his three greyhounds, which are matched against Mr. Burton, at Newmarket. Rocket and two young ones just entered. They appeared very promising ones. The Rev. T. Gresley exhibited four brace of very good dogs. The betting for the Newmarket matches continues in favour of Mr. Cave Browne against Mr. Burton.

ON THE
TRAINING OF JOCKEYS.

By Sir John Sinclair.

SIR John Sinclair, who so actively devotes his time and talents to disquisitions calculated to promote the public welfare, has lately devoted his attention to an interesting inquiry into the effect of athletic exercises on the human frame, as they regard health and longevity. With a view of solving so important an inquiry, he has taken every possible means to collect the best information respecting the success with which men have been trained to these exercises; and also the arts by which they are improved in strength, spirit, or speed. Men of high professional character have voluntarily assisted the worthy Baronet in this laudable undertaking, by drawing up queries to persons most likely to furnish intelligent and useful answers.—This has naturally led to analogical comparisons between the human and animal race, which afford much interesting, as well as curious information. Sir John properly remarks at the end of his queries:—"That these are questions, of the importance of which, those who are best able to answer, may not be fully aware. But nothing which so suddenly changes the powers, and the very form and character of the body, from gross to lean, from weakness to vigorous health, from a breathless and bloated carcase to one active and untiring, can never be unimportant, either to the art of physic in general, or to the branch of it more immediately connected with inquiries regarding health and longevity!"

JOCKEYS.

JOCKEYS.

The following answers were transmitted to Sir John Sinclair's queries, respecting the training of jockeys, by Mr. W. Sandevir, an eminent surgeon residing at Newmarket:—

Q. 1. How long the training of jockeys generally continues?

A. With those in high repute as riders, in a greater or less degree, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from the weight he is naturally of to sometimes a stone and a half below it.

Q. 2. What food do they live on, both solid and liquid, and what quantities are allowed them of each?

A. For breakfast a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken in a very sparing way; a very small piece of pudding, and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one or the other are allowed; wine and water is their usual beverage, in the proportion of one part wine to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter; and no supper.

Q. 3. What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest?

A. After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with cloaths, that is, five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pair of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen or sixteen miles; after their return home, dry clothes are substituted for them that are made very wet and uncomfortable by sweat, and if much fatigued, some of them will lie down for an hour before dinner, after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in that way that may be most agreeable to themselves; they generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven the next morning.

Q. 4. Are they purged, and what purgatives or other medicines are given them?

A. Some of them that do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, two ounces of Glauber salts is the usual dose, and it is very seldom that any other medicine is had recourse to.

Q. 5. Would Mr. Sandevir recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other people, whether male or female?

A. W. Sandevir would certainly recommend a similar process to reduce corpulence in either sex, as from experience he perceives that the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, that had not been inured to it from his infancy. John Arnold, when rider to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride some favourite horse, without his carrying more weight than was agreed upon; in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even farinaceous food, for eight succeeding days, and the only substitute was now and then a piece of apple; he was not injured by it at the time, and is now in good health. Added to which, Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person at this time continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued by riding, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse, in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he

he never weighs more than nine stone, and frequently has reduced himself to 7st. 7lb.

Newmarket, June 28, 1805.

The subsequent Answers were received from another Person.

Q. 1. What is the process used in training them, and reducing their weight?

A. Abstinence; sweating in consequence of additional cloathing, and long continued walking.

Q. 2. What effect has it upon their health and strength?

A. Neither the one nor the other are impaired when the above are had recourse to in moderation; but when carried to excess, both, of course, must be more or less affected.

Q. 3. What effect has it upon their minds, in regard to courage, quickness, &c?

A. When much reduced, peevish, and irritable; but perhaps not less courageous than usual.

Q. 4. How long do these effects continue?

A. Till the cause is removed.

Q. 5. After being reduced, do they quickly get fat again, or do they continue long in the state to which they were brought?

A. Many of them are naturally lean, but Buckle, the great rider, after severe wasting, has gained nine pounds in eighteen hours.

Q. 6. Are Jockeys, accustomed to be thus treated, healthy and long-lived?

A. Their health does not appear to be injured by wasting, nor does the continuance of life appear to be affected by it.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,

TWO matches of Pigeon Shooting were determined on Saturday the 29th of November, in Rickmansworth Park, Herts, by four Gentlemen of Rickmansworth, at three Pigeons each, viz.

First—For Thirty Guineas.

James Swanell, Esq...	1	killed ....
	2	ditto fell out of bounds...
	3	ditto ditto.............
James Skidmore, Esq..	1	missed ....
	2	killed ....
	3	ditto ....

Second—For Twenty Guineas.

John Sedgwick, Esq...	1	killed ....
	2	killed ....
	3	missed ....
Louis Munn, Esq....	1	missed ....
	2	ditto ....
	3	killed fell out of bounds..

There were several other Matches of less consequence at single birds, for two, three, and four guineas, but we could not ascertain the names of the parties.

Your's, &c. A. C. R.

SALE OF MR. MELLISH's STUD, AT TATTERSALL's.

THOSE marked with a * were bought in, and some others that we could not ascertain.

	Guineas.
Stallions.	
* Eagle, by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer	1200
Diddler, by Pegasus, dam by Highflyer	250
Mameluke, a grey Arabian	100
Horses, &c. in Training.	
Gregsonian, 6 years old, by Archer, dam by Bacchus	295
Quid, 5 years old, by Star	75
Czar Peter, 5 years old, by Sir Peter Teazle	500
* Staveley, 4 years old, by Shuttle	100
* Smuggler, 3 years old, by Hambletonian	1800
He was afterwards sold to the Prince for	2000
Luck's-All, 3 years old, by Stamford	400
Streatlam-Lass, 3 years old, by Pipator	950
(She was sold to Mr. Kellermann.)	
Jerboa, 3 years old, by Gohanna, (no engagement)	200
Yorkshireman, 3 years old, by a brother to Eagle	160
Companion, 3 years old, by Beningbrough	80
Sister to Smuggler, 2 years old, by Hambletonian	520
Harry Longlegs, 2 years old, by Beningbrough	300
* Bedale, 2 years old, by Star	100
* Darling, 2 years old, by Patriot	100
* A Colt, 2 years old, by Expectation	100
* Miss Buckle, 2 years old, by Precipitate	100
Brood Mares.	
* Diddler's dam by Highflyer, dam by Goldfinder. Covered by Don Quixote	103
Darling's dam, by Highflyer, out of Tiffany. Covered by Don Quixote. (Not at the Sale)	
* Marchioness, by Lurcher, out of Miss Cogden. Covered by Eagle	78
* Junius's dam, by Pot8o's, out of Editha. Covered by Don Quixote	210
* A Mare, by Highflyer, bought of Mr. Knapton. Covered by Don Quixote	64
Sister to Spadille, by Highflyer, Covered by Don Quixote	140
Lady Cow, by John Bull, dam by Drone. Covered by Eagle	135
A Mare by Drone, bought of Mr. Knapton. Covered by Eagle	135
Sister to Fidget, by Florizel. Covered by Eagle	150
Lady Brough, by Stride, dam by Drone. Covered by Eagle	510

* Marrianne,

* Marianne, by Mufti, out of Maria, by Telemachus. Covered by Eagle	280
She was afterwards sold for	300
Sister to Chippenham, by Trumpator. Covered by Eagle	120
Sister to Coriander by PotSo's, out of Lavender. Covered by Eagle	160

After the above were disposed of, the following, the property of Lord Foley, were sold.

Stretch, 6 years old, by Stride	75
Little Peter, 4 years old, by Sir Peter Teazle	105
Knee-Buckle, 3 years old, by Zachariah	105

☞ Don Quixote died at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, soon after the last covering season.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you wish for an accurate statement of what was done at Tattersall's, regarding Mr. Mellish's horses, you may depend upon the following being correct—

All that were actually sold at the hammer, were,

	Guineas
Streatlam-Lass, to Mr. Kellermann	950
Diddler, by Pegasus	250
Jerboa, by Gohanna, to Lord R——s	200
Old Sister to Spadille	140
Lady Cow, by John Bull	135
Old Drone Mare	135
Companion, by Beningbrough	80
Quid, by Star	75

Eagle was bought in at	1200
Smuggler was also bought in at	1800
(He has been since sold for that sum to Mr. C. W——n.)	
Marianne was bought in at	285
Since sold to the Prince for	300
Lady Brough was bought in at	510
(The Prince bid 500gs for this mare, and will probably get her, or has, perhaps ere this.)	

Trafalgar, Hedley, and Dimsdale, were sold privately, without going to Tattersalls. The rest remained unsold on Monday the 15th.

I am your obedient humble servant,

AMICUS.

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE late Mr. Mills, of Roscommon, in Ireland, having unexpectedly stopped at the house of a gentleman who lived a little in the castle-rack-rent style, he perceived that a pane of glass was coldly represented by a corn sack thrust through part of the window. On Mr. Mills rising to withdraw, his host apologized for his indifferent entertainment; adding, that he had been unprepared. "Nay," replied the guest, "I have fared sumptuously; I do not often find myself treated with *sack and shampane.*"

A WITTICISM of Mr. Curran, founded upon the following story, has been miserably garbled. Between the above gentleman and Mr. Egon, now chairman of the quarter sessions at Kilmainham, there existed, and still exists a warm friendship: they lived next door neighbours, and were seldom seen going to court, when practising as barristers, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the law courts, a certain insect was observed crawling upon Mr. Curran's gown by a brother lawyer, who pointing to it, demanded—"*Cujum pecus?*"—Whose cattle are these?—Mr. Curran, nodding towards his late companion, instantly replied—"*Nuper mihi dedidit Egon.*" viz. Egon lately gave it to me.

THE Right Reverend Dr. Law, Bishop of Elphin, is a man of the most uncommon bluntness of expression, independence of spirit, and benevolence. Lord Viscount Dillon having one day described a corps of yeomanry cavalry which he commanded as being remarkably well mounted, concluded his description by asserting that they could charge over a six-foot wall at full speed; and turning to the bishop, who was in company, asked his opinion of such an exploit.—"I think," replied the bishop dryly, "I think it is a very great *bounce*, my Lord."

ELECTION Repartee.—One of the *orators* before the hustings at Covent-Garden, lately roared out to Mr. Whitbread—"If your porter were as strong as your *assurance*, it would do astonishingly well."—"But," replied Mr. Whitbread, "if it were as strong as your *impudence*, I could get nothing by it."

AT a village in Norfolk, we are told, a person fills the following offices:—Church-warden, overseer, parish-clerk, constable, surveyor of the highways, assessor of the land-tax and assessed taxes, and of the property tax, collector of the same, and bailiff of the manor. This man has not been selected to discharge these important duties for his personal qualifications, or for the extent of his property; as he unfortunately has but one arm, and though the only tradesman in the parish, is a pauper, and receives relief.

A hint.—Those who send game to the metropolis by coaches. &c. are recommended in all cases to send letters of advice, and likewise to put some distinguishing mark on the game, to prevent its being changed.

Odd Marriage.——At Stroud, Gloucestershire, Samuel Holder, aged 70, and who has lost both his legs many years, to the widow of Isaac Wildly, who was drowned in the Stroud canal, a short time since. The novelty of the match brought together a large concourse of spectators, at the head of whom was one of the old veteran's daughters, who expressed her disapprobation of the alliance, by ringing a sheep-bell, beating a canister, and other noisy implements, which were fastened to different parts of her body. The old gentleman was conveyed to and from church on the shoulders of a friend, who was occasionally relieved in this arduous task, by the willing efforts of the bride herself!

Horse-whipping.—A correspondent observes, that as every article in the sporting line is admitted into our *sporting vehicle*, which comes properly authenticated, he can see no impropriety in our inserting the following advertisement, which he copied literally from a morning print of the 24th ult.—"Horse-whipping" being certainly often practised on race-grounds.

"To those whom it may concern.—I beg to inform the gentleman who talks of horse-whipping, that he has omitted to mention his address; and I have further to inform him, that I never attend to advice from anonymous correspondents, although I can easily excuse the impertinence of those who *with* their signatures offer their advice. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient and humble servant, &c." —*Morning Post, Nov.* 24.

Small things compared with great.—At a late vestry meeting, one of the parish orators began his address in the following words:—"The eyes of *all Europe* are this day fixed upon the proceedings of this assembly.

Mottoes.—Mottoes are of various descriptions. Some of a milk-and-water sort, may be used indiscriminately by all persons and in all situations; for as they have no allusion whatever to the individual or family by whom they are borne, they never can be materially wrong. Many allude to a meritorious action in the life of the original adopter, as that of Lord Nelson, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, (Let him who has deserved it wear the palm) will ever remain an honourable record of this hero's patriot virtue, and a powerful stimulant to his successors to emulate his glory. Some, like the Delphic oracles, may be interpreted in a double sense.—Thus *Sola Nobilitas Virtus*, (Virtue is the sole Nobility,) may be translated with equal accuracy, Nobility is his sole Virtue. Again, *Labor ipse Voluptas*, (Labour itself is a Pleasure,) however applicable to its first holder, may, to an effeminate lordling who comes after him, be explained, Pleasure itself is a Labour. Several, by a trifling alteration, may be totally perverted: as, *Non Sibi, sed Patriæ*, (Not for Himself, but his Country,) may, by an obvious transposition, be twisted into *Non Patriæ, sed Sibi*, (Not for his Country, but Himself!) Some are mere quibbles on the holder's name: as Lord Onslow's

Festina

Festina lente, (On slow;)—Mr. Rose's *Floreat Rosa*, (may the Rose flourish!) and Lord Temple's motto, from the Psalms, *Templa quam dilecta!* (How delightful are thy Temples!) which may be easily travestied into, What a precious set are the Temples!—A subordinate motto of Lord Nelson comes under this description, *Fit Honos a Nilo*, (Honour springs from the Nile,) but which is a *concetto*, signifying also, Honour springs from Nothing.—Lastly, to this class may be assigned Mr. A. Trotter's *De'il speed the Hindmost*, under the crest of a *trotting horse!* In the assumption of mottoes, the founders of families should avoid the above rock, as well as of taking those of which their heirs may prove unworthy.—Thus it would ill become the puny offspring of an heroic ancestor to carry, *Non generant aquilæ Columbas*, (Eagles do not generate Doves;) a coward, *Animo Forti*, (With a courageous Spirit;—an infidel, *En Dieu est ma Fiance*, (In God is my Trust;)—or the minion of a corrupt court, *Pro Libertate et Magna Charta*, (For Liberty and the Great Charter.) As it frequently happens that men risen from an humble station to wealth and a carriage, are at a loss for suitable mottoes, we shall, for the accommodation of such gentlemen, mention a few, which may be applicable to different professions or situations in life. For a lawyer, Causes produce Effects; or, The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law!—a tailor, Men and Measures;—a shoe-maker, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*, (the shoemaker beyond his last;)—a distiller, The Spirit moveth me; a slave-trader, Black Boys get Yellow Boys; an East India Nabob, *Currit ad Indos, Pauperiem fugiens*, (He runs to the Indies to flee poverty;)—a commissary, The King's Chaff is better than other men's Corn;—a bankrupt, *Vix ea nostra voco*, (I can scarcely call these my own;)—a coal-merchant, I have touch'd the *Cole;* a card-maker, My Cards have turned up Trumps;—a parson, *Spero Meliora*, (I hope for preferment;)—a sub-dignitary of the church, *Nolo Episcopari*, (I won't be a bishop;—a bishop, *Invitum sequitur Honos*, (Honours flow on me against my will;)—an archbishop, *Completum est*, (It is accomplished;)—an undertaker, *Mors est mihi Lucrum*, (Death is to me great gain.) We shall conclude this article with a short anecdote:—A poor Scotchman having been worsted in a law-suit he had brought before the Court of Session against his rich landlord, as he was coming out of the Parliament House observed the city of Edinburgh's arms then inscribed over the gate, *Nisi Dominus frustra*, without the Lord it is in vain,) shook his head, and said, " Very true; unless you be a Laird it is in vain to come here.

Hockley in the Hole.—Of what description were the entertainments of Hockley in the Hole within a century ago, we may gather from the following hand-bill, which was surmounted by the royal arms:—

" At the Bear-garden in Hockley in the Hole, 1710.

" This is to give notice, to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate market against one of Honey-lane market, at a bull, for a guinea to be spent; five let-goes out off hand, which goes fairest and farthest in wins all; likewise a *green bull* to be baited, which was never baited before; and a bull

a bull to be turned loose with fire-works all over him: also a mad ass to be baited: with variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; and a dog to be drawn up with fire-works.

"Beginning exactly at three of the clock.

Lately, a gallant General being elected a representative for one of the eastern counties, gave a public entertainment to the electors after the fatigues of the contest, and on his health being drank, addressed his constituents in the following laconic speech:—"Gentlemen, I am no orator, and therefore you must not expect from me a fine speech: that I can fight, I believe none of you can doubt; that I can drink, you shall all be assured of before we part; so God bless you all, and leave me to defend your rights."

Dr. Arbuthnot says, that "money lenders are like wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body.

An advertisement in a London paper of last week says—"Wanted at Rochester, a singing man with a *base* voice.

Anecdote.—Mr. Burkitt, the well-known author of a Practical Exposition of the New Testament, was a facetious, as well as a serious man. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became minister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church, he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself by saying he had no proper sermon with him; but, on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said, with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He however appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt; for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddle-stick."

Election Anecdote.—Sir —— —— candidate for the borough of * * * *, driving along the road in his barouche and four, and seeing a person who had voted for him at the last election walking in a field hard by, immediately stopped his carriage, and entering familiarly into conversation with him, inquired very kindly, not only after his own health and welfare, but also respecting his wife and all his numerous family. After having returned due thanks for this civility, the voter, with the greatest simplicity requested to know of "his Honour," whether such a thing as a General Election was not at hand? To which being answered in the affirmative—"Ad rabbit it," says the man, "I really thought so, for your Honour has never spoke to me since the last."

A few days ago the walls of Carlisle exhibited printed bills, stating, that for the amusement of the inhabitants of the town, a gentleman would,

would, by the aid of a mechanical process, at twelve o'clock that day, walk over the river Eden, near the bridge, with only a common pair of slippers on his feat. Thousands assembled to witness the aquatic exploit, which the gentleman punctually attended to, at the time appointed, and fulfilled his promise, by walking leisurely across the Bridge!!! He then made his *congé*, and departed, to the great mortification of all present, though they walked off with the hoax apparently in good humour, to hide the blushes of their silly credulity.

A TRUE Member of the Church *Militant*.—Died, at Burton Agnes, on the 19th instant, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Dade, A. M. Rector of Heslerton, Vicar of Burton Agnes, and Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The living, which had been purchased by Dr. Mills, who now holds the perpetual advowson of it, was expected to be vacated about nineteen years ago, by the death of Mr. Dade, when, unluckily for the expectant, he recovered, and has lived to " *keep expectation alive*" about 20 years. There were very few scenes of life Mr. Dade had not seen. In the German war he was Chaplain to the 20th regiment of foot; and afterwards Chaplain to the Atlas of 96 guns, commanded by Captain Vandeput, at the relief of Gibraltar, under Lord Howe, in 1784.—He had been witness, as Chaplain, to some sea-engagements: to many difficult engagements by land, of his own, he had also been witness; and was accounted in the various circles of noblemen and others, to whom he was known—a very pleasant companion. That " he was a man of *letters*" none of his friends could deny, for he wrote more of them than any man in England.—In the younger part of his life, he had been much conversant with the turf, and had ridden some matches. No man was more acquainted with *turf pedigree*, but he has left, as we understand, no pedigree of his own. He is supposed to have died in very affluent circumstances, as during the latter part of his life he lived in a very retired and economical manner on his living. Middleton in Teesdale, of which he was formerly Rector, he exchanged for Heslerton. By his death, society have lost a valuable member, and the poor a kind friend and benefactor.

AT a fashionable whist party, a few evenings since, considerable merriment was excited by the following repartee:—A lady having won a rubber of twenty guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket-book, and tendered £21 in bank-notes.—The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of her head—" In the *great houses* which I frequent, Sir, we always *use gold*." " That may be, Madam," replied the gentleman, " but in the *little houses* which I frequent, we always *use paper!*"

A MAN of the name of Lewis, in the neighbourhood of Alvanley, in Derbyshire, has, we are credibly informed, ten children, that measure twenty yards.—*Chester Chronicle*.

SAM. Foote used to say, that fiction was a good resource for the newspapers, as one lie made two paragraphs. The orators of our elections

elections profit so far by this hint, that the speech of *to-day* is employed in explaining away the assertions of *yesterday*.

The King's Arms.—It is perfectly well known, that when his Majesty was at Worcester, it was his custom to rise very early in the morning, and sometimes with only one, and often without any attendants, take a walk about the town and its environs.—A countryman who came out of Herefordshire on purpose to see the King, was told by the people at the public house where he lodged, that if he would get up at five o'clock, and place himself in a particular situation, he would not fail of seeing his Majesty. The fellow did as he was directed, and the King appeared. Immediately the countryman threw his hat a dozen of yards from him, and dropped down upon his marrow bones; the King smiled, took off his hat, and familiarly wished him a good morning. The countryman returned home, and being asked if he had seen his Majesty—"Yes," says the fellow, "I have, and I find the King's *arms* are just like other people's; I was always told they had a lion on one side and a unicorn on the other."

Sir Home Popham.—When Sir H. commanded the Romney, in the Indian seas, one of his midshipmen wrote to him requesting his interest to get him appointed to a mate's birth in a country ship; on the receipt of which Sir Home sent for him, and asked him whether his request proceeded from a dislike to the service in general, or from his wish to serve under some other captain? The midshipman replied—"Neither, for he felt a sincere attachment to his Majesty's service; and had ever considered it as the highest gratification and pride of his life to sail under the command of Sir Home." "Well," said Sir Home, "I have a wish to serve you; but must insist on your explaining your reasons for this application." After some hesitation, he replied—"Sir, the gentlemen of your quarter deck have all friends who can, and do, supply them with money; I have not; and my slender finances will not allow me to keep pace with their mess, nor can I bear the mortification of living by myself." "Well, well," said Sir Home, "if this is your only reason, I do not see why the service should lose a valuable officer for a little paltry cash; what you require for your mess draw upon me for; I will answer it. I know when you can you will pay it; till that time arrives, never consider yourself in my debt."

Genuine Bull.—A gentleman in Cork, of considerable taste, lately fitted up a house in a style of great elegance. On shewing it, however, to a friend, the latter objected to the thinness of the partitions which divided the rooms from each other, observing, that all that was said in one room might be overheard in the next. To this the owner replied, that he would immediately try the validity of the objection, by an experiment which could not fail. He accordingly called his servant Patrick, and directed him to go into the next room, carefully to shut the doors, and then listen in order to ascertain if he could distinguish any words spoken in the room where his master remained. When the master thought

that

that Pat was properly stationed, he called out to him loudly—"Do you hear me?" Pat immediately answered as loudly—"No, Sir."

AT the late Westminster Election, the keeper of a notorious gambling house in St. Anne's parish, on being about to give his vote, was asked in the usual way what his trade was; when after a little hesitation he replied—"I am an ivory turner."

BON MOT.—Bannister, adverting to the cause of his late disaster, observed that whatever the public might think of him as an *Actor*, he should never be a *Shuter*.

A WOMAN who kept a house of ill fame at York, being brought before a magistrate, was questioned as to her line of business.—"Please your Worship," said she, "I keep a *Circulating Library*, the neatest books in *sheets* your Worship ever saw!"—"You say so!" observed the worthy magistrate, "then I'll take care to *bind* you and them over to your good behaviour."

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY GORGEOUSLY DRESSED ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

ELATE with golden hopes, a favour'd swain
Led Daphne, blushing maid! to Hymen's fane.
Sad youth! and wast thou cheated till this hour?
Or was thy bride transform'd by fairy pow'r
To one of gaudy Thespia's vagrant pack?
For Daphne bore *her fortune on her back.*

A FEW days since, a tax-gatherer in Clerkenwell, called upon a poor housekeeper for his income tax.—The man pleaded poverty, and wished to be excused for some time longer. The tax-gatherer urged immediate payment, saying that people should sacrifice every thing to keep *Boney*, without.—"Ah!" said the housekeeper, "while we are *keeping Boney without*, we are *getting bony within!*"

BON MOT.—A certain cabinet-maker of Windsor, not more remarkable for strength of mind than malignity of disposition, was observing, in the rancour of *disappointment*, that Mr. Ramsbottom's electors looked as if they were just *come out* of prison;" to which a gentleman present replied, "You are perfectly right, Sir, and those of *your party* seem quite the *reverse*, for your's, like *yourself*, look as *miserable* and as *wretched*, as if they were just going into prison."

ANECDOTE of Theodore, King of Corsica.—When Theodore, the unfortunate King of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean-street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of the committee informed him by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two gentlemen would wait upon him with the money:—To give his *attic* apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it. (Ireland's Hogarth, vol. i. page 12.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE FROM RINGWOOD TO GALTON, IN DORSETSHIRE.

The Viper—Ringwood—Ringwood Ale—Poole—Purbeck—Corfe Castle—Wareham—The White Hart—My Pipe and Repose.

What land with sea-lav'd Dorset can compare?
Here earth deals plenty, health, the balmy air.
The sportsman here shall find an endless treat,
Dogs quick of scent, and horses strong and fleet;
The hare, the coney, partridge, and the snipe,
The quail that listens to the treach'rous pipe;
The stag, the fallow-deer, the pheasant cock,
Fieldfare, and wild-duck, with her downy flock;
The swan, majestic, as the snow-drop white,
The pigeon, beauteous in his vagrant flight,
And ev'ry fish in which he takes delight.

THE VIPER.

OH! still and cloudless morning, how I adore thy earliest prime; thou emblem of easy innocence, may I never prefer the pillows of indolence to the breezy incense that rises from the lap of nature to salute thee.

Such were my ejaculations as I passed the bounds of the New Forest; my pleasures, however, were presently interrupted by an accident the least to be expected. I had hardly quitted the velvet covering of the King's Chace, and penetrated with my four-footed companion a thick hedge that opened to the beams of a scorching sun, when Tray returned yelping in a louder way than I had at any time heard him; the dog had been hurt, his neck seemed the affected part, and the pangs the poor animal endured, were truly pitiable. I examined for the cause, and found a small wound just below the left ear. Fortunately for my fellow-traveller, Ringwood was before us, and a farrier's shop at hand; thither we went with all speed, and the Æsculapius of the place pronounced, my terrier had been struck by a viper, and that one of the teeth was then sticking in the dog's skin.—The wounded part was instantly lacerated, and washed with a lixivium of his own compounding, a certain antidote—as the farrier assured me—at all times, for poison of the description we had to correct. After a dressing that gave almost immediate ease to my friend, we set off once more cheerfully together, but not till our canine physician had favoured me with the following information respecting the dangerous animal we had so lately encountered.

"The viper," said he, "is a fiery creature, and his bite generally fatal; he has sixteen teeth immoveable in each jaw, but these are not the teeth with which he gives the deadly puncture, there being two others much larger, hooked, hollow, sharp, and transparent—as I could clearly perceive. These are situated in the upper jaw, on each side, and are flexible, and lie flat while the creature is at ease; but when the viper becomes erascible, then these teeth are erect; and through which, at the moment the wound is given, the poison is communicated from a small bladder at their root, when, unless instantaneous relief be obtained, the consequence must be death. Let the sportsman remember this, that should the accident occur, he may with all speed, seek a

remedy,

remedy, or lose the prime instrument of his sylvan pleasures.

And now full of glee, the dog and his master once more entered the pleasant town of

RINGWOOD *,

Well watered by the winding Avon, and celebrated for having in its neighbourhood the tomb of King Cerdie. The Saxon chief is sculptured in armour, lying on his back with his hands in a praying posture, his queen by his side, and at their feet a trophy commonly used at that period. Considering the barbarity of the age in which this monument was raised, the sculpture is excellent, and the preservation far beyond expectation. The town is large, well inhabited, and prosperous; and the people hospitable to a proverb:—

A true Ringwood man, treat him friendly and fair,
With his loaf and his cup is as free as the air.

Their trade is in cloth, stockings, and leather; and the whole of their manufactures are in the highest estimation. The situation of the town is rather low, but healthy, and their meadows subject, after heavy rain, to inundation. The inhabitants, however, are fully compensated when the waters are subsided, for the spring and summer herbage is quick and abundant, and so exquisitely rich, that the butter of Ringwood surpasses in colour and flavour all the rest of the county.

Approaching the inn where I had so lately been entertained, my old landlord stood at the door; he seemed glad at my return, and promised another haunch of forest venison, if I would favour him with my company for another evening. He shewed me the song I made at our last meeting: the school-master had copied it in a capital manner, and hung it up in the great parlour; for it was a compliment, without flattery, on his

RINGWOOD ALE.

Where Stour and Avon fondly meet,
Round Cerdie's sculptur'd pile,
Where ev'ry bush, with bloom replete,
From sorrow draws a smile;
There faithful love and beauty glads
The tenants of the vale,
And there the merry Christ-church lads
Resort for Ringwood ale.

Blow high the wind, or beat the rain,
Let Solant † foam and roar;
Or let the tempest sweep the plain,
Or wrecks spread all the shore;
Hantonian boys will never heed,
But mock the rampant gale,
And chaunt the song, and puff the weed,
While they get Ringwood ale.

Ale warms the blood, and nerves the arm
To wield the fatal blade;
And should our country's foes alarm,
And land in fierce parade,
The lads who teach the cup to flow,
For kings a rich regale,
Shall fly to arms, and teach the foe
The pow'rs of Ringwood ale.

Nor these alone the bev'rage quaff—
Gay folks from far and near
Attend at eve the friendly laugh,
And carve the royal deer.
And should the forest-wardens pry,
But little 't will avail,
While we can yield them rich supply
Of famous Ringwood ale.

When spring leads up his hours of bliss,
I'll fly from London's gloom,
And flow'r-crown'd Stour and Avon kiss,
By Cerdie's rev'rend tomb;
And often o'er the forest deer
With social lads regale,
And charm the heart, the eye, the ear,
As flows the Ringwood ale.

* Vide our Magazine for October, 1803, page 31.

† Water that parts the Forest from the Isle of Wight.

As time warned me on my way, I was obliged to resist the landlord's invitation, took refreshment, bade adieu to the old forester, penetrated the confines of Dorsetshire, and after a very pleasant walk of three hours, arrived about noon in the town of

POOLE,

A fine sea-port, and the most considerable place of traffic in the county. The bay below must certainly have given it its name, for at this moment the whole sheet of water, which is very expansive, is so clear and quiet that it resembles a standing lake, and withal, reflective as a looking-glass. The Frome and the Piddle, the two principal rivers of the county, lose themselves in these waters, and in a degree so gentle, as scarce to disturb their surface. The harbour is pleasantly adorned with trading vessels from all nations, almost to the town of Wareham. The merchants here fit out a great number of craft annually for the Newfoundland fishery, and the article in which they trade is procured at an easy rate in the finest perfection.

As my inclination did not lead me to loiter in this aquatic station, by the help of a fishing-boat, I crossed the Bay, passed through Langton Matravers, and soon found myself in what is called the

ISLE OF PURBECK,

Which is in reality no more than a peninsula, for the passage into it is without crossing water, and along a road as sound and as good as any in England.—The whole extent of this place is about ten miles, by five in breadth, producing all the comforts of life in abundance. The largest red-deer of the country are found here, and every kind of game our sportsmen delight in.

CORFE CASTLE.

I had frequently beheld this venerable and magnificent ruin from distant situations, but never till now trod its site of dilapidations. If I had at any time found a pleasure to contemplate Corfe in the perspective, how much more was I delighted in pervading the rude masses that time and accident had torn from their original propriety.

The castle stands on a very lofty mountain, four miles from Wareham; at a distance its towering keep rises magnificently between two neighbouring hills of still greater elevation; on a near advance, nothing finer can be conceived, than when the whole view bursts at once upon the sight. The entrance is from the town, over a bridge of three lofty elliptic arches, which lead into a large area, bounded by walls with round towers, several of which have by the effect of gunpowder been nearly overthrown, but owing to the strength of the cement no way disjointed, and are left leaning like the tower of Pisa, in a manner unaccountably wonderful, says Mr. Gross, to persons ignorant of this mechanical principle, that as long as the line of direction of the centre of gravity of any body remains within its base, such body cannot fall. The foundation of this British beauty is upwards of one thousand years; it was built by King Edgar, who left it to his wife Elfrida, who, for the advancement of her second son to the throne, in this place caused King Edward, her son-in-law, to be murdered. The story is thus related by William of Malmsbury:—"King Edward hunting in the isle of Purbeck, came unexpectedly alone to Corfe Castle. He always having an affection for his mother-in-law, resolved to pay her a visit, in token thereof.

thereof. She received him with all seeming love and regard, and pressed him to stay all night, but he fearing his train would be uneasy at his absence, would only drink a cup of wine on horseback; this she presented him: the cup was no sooner at his lips, but he was, by a villain appointed by Elfrida for that purpose, stabbed in the back.—Finding himself hurt, he clapped spurs to the horse, in order to join his company; but fainting through loss of blood, he fell, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, his horse dragged him until he was left dead at Corfe gate."

In all ages Corfe Castle has been considered of great consequence, and of the strongest defence; it has been likewise the case of despair to hundreds of noble quality, and the prison of kings. But one circumstance attending its history is most worthy of relating, because therein the skill and courage of an English woman shews to the world the futility of that observation so much to their discredit:—"That woman, being the weaker vessel, is only fit for the distaff, and should leave all other pursuits to the nobler sex." In the time of Charles the First, Corfe Castle belonged to Lord Chief Justice Banks, when Sir William Earl and Thomas Trenchard, commanders for the parliament, brought their troops before it, and demanded entrance. Lady Banks, her husband being infirm and absent, though she had only forty persons, herself and maids making up the number, gallantly defended the castle against a powerful army with a train of artillery. This brave lady by her great wisdom and good management, not only provided food and ammunition for her little company, but three times repulsed the assailants with great loss, and held out in their defiance till relieved by the Earl of Caernarvon.

From this mighty summit, I behold half across the Channel towards France, while the surrounding landscape calls to my recollection the words of the Second Charles, when he was asked how he liked the county of Dorset.—"I never saw a finer country in the kingdom of England or out of it." Indeed it is a paradise for an epicure as well as for a sportsman, for it abounds with all that is delectable to the one and desirable to the other.

From this venerable mountain I descended through Stowborough, passed the Frome, and entered the borough of

WAREHAM,

A large clothing town at the western extremity of Poole Waters, remarkable in its ancient history for being the scene of the massacre of poor Peter the Hermit and his two sons, by the cruel John; and in its modern story, for being one of those insulted boroughs where the people are all bargained for over the dinner-table, and sold like sheep in a public market to him inclined to be the best bidder. To set this matter in a clearer point of view, I have to observe that not long since the party who owns the right of burgage tenure, finding himself respected in the East, put up for a city there, and for £1000 was returned, and instantly sold his two seats, with the greatest ease and pleasantry, for £8000; by this he acquired in a few minutes, to the dishonour of Englishmen and their boasted liberties, a sum that many an honest merchant spends his

 whole

whole time of existence to obtain, and with great pains, care, and adventure. It is the permission of this kind of merchandise that makes our neighbours laugh us to scorn, and proclaim our pretensions to freedom a ridiculous farce. Having once more recovered the high grounds to the west of Wareham, I sat on the sod to review the surrounding objects, and to make such remarks on my tablets as might serve me on a future occasion.

The vast sheet of water, the outlet to Studland-bay, the romantic indentations of the coast to Durlston Point, and along the shores of Hampshire, afforded ineffable delight; the whole diminishing between sea and sky. I turned from the scene, took the way to Newburgh, and at

THE WHITE HART

Found a comfortable set-down; and after a plain but wholesome repast, with poor Tray by my side, who from the viper-bite in the morning, was glad to rest, I called for my Dorsetshire ale, and once more at ease, began to draw the calumet of peace.

Lost in reverie, I fancied some one more fashionable than myself at hand, and thinking that I heard him treat with contempt the effluence of the weed that brings millions of revenue to Britain, I thus sang in favour of

MY PIPE.

Why scorn my pipe? it is a harmless toy,
To fops perfum'd I know it gives offence;
But what are scented fops? they most annoy
The modest female and the man of sense.

I like my pipe, because its sav'ry cloud,
(Now truth and friendship are so little known)
Shields me at ev'ning from the vain, the proud,
And leaves me in the midst of fools—alone.

My landlord, who is no bad historian, now began to divert me with an account of the productions of this part of the county. After boasting much of the game, he thus observed:—"We of this place have cut no inconsiderable figure in sporting history; the very sign at my door takes its origin from a circumstance pleasant to sportsmen. Black-moor Forest, at the spring of the Frome, was once called the Forest of White Hart, and at that time the seat of royalty, and greatly preferred by our kings, on account of the deer with which it abounded, and with every other species of game. The third Henry, (he continued) with a mighty train of hunters, having one day entered on the chase, roused a milk-white hart; the creature afforded his Majesty so much sport, that at the pulling down it was the royal pleasure to save the beast, and place round his neck a collar of brass, on which was engraved:—'I am a royal hart, let no one harm me.' But the King and his retinue having run over and spoiled the lands of a gentleman of the county named Thomas De la Linde, and refusing upon remonstrance to make good the injury, De la Linde imprudently resolved to spite King Henry, when joining with others, hunted the White Hart, and having run it down, foolishly took the life of the King's favourite; and making merry over its haunches, was heard in his cups to utter many disrespectful speeches towards the sovereign,

reign, which were conveyed to Henry, who presently convinced De la Linde of his presumption; and so highly resented the indignity, that he made every one concerned in the death of the noble animal to pay into his exchequer an annual fine called White-Hart Silver, which was not remitted during the reign of that monarch. And this, (said my landlord) is the spring of all the White Harts in our county."

Fatigue makes the weary spirits incline to rest, and the eye-lids bend with a gentle closure. My landlord had finished his history, and the ashes of my last pipe had been beat out, when I mounted to the couch of rest, and yielded to repose, one of the best of human comforters. T. N.

SECOND TRIAL OF O'DONNELL.

At the Old Bailey Sessions.

JOHN O'Donnell was indicted for feloniously making an assault on the King's highway, upon Luke Codgell, on the 23d of August, putting him in fear, and taking from his person, and against his will, a silver watch, value 5l. his property.

Luke Codgell sworn.—I live at Willesden-green. On the 23d of August, I was going home, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, from London; I was stopped by two men in a lane leading from Kilburn to Willesden-green. They came to the side of the cart, and said stop; I was in the cart, and my daughter she was asleep in the cart.

Q. Did they both say Stop.—A. Only one.

Q. Who was that?—A. The prisoner. He got upon the shaft of the cart and put a pistol to my breast, and demanded my money and my watch; the other man stood at the horse's head with a pistol; he then took hold of my watch-string and broke it, and he forced me to give him the watch; he felt about my pocket for money, but never put his hand into my pocket; he asked me if I had money, I told him I had none; they robbed my daughter likewise.

Q. What sort of a night was this?—A. A very light night.

Q. Now look at the prisoner at the bar, are you quite sure that he is the man?—A. I am, I knew him before; they told me to go on, after they had robbed me and my daughter. I went on about twenty yards; I got out of my cart, and run back; then I thought they went over Kensal-green. I crossed a field, thinking to meet them; I never met them at all.—I came up to Paddington, and stopped there, thinking they would come up the Harrow-road, but they never came, then I went home.

Q. You knew O'Donnell before?—A. Yes, I had seen him about six weeks before that at our green.

Q. Knowing the person that robbed you, what did you do?—A. I came up to Paddington: there I met with one of the Bow-street men, who staid with me an hour.

Q. Did you tell him the man that had robbed you?—A. Yes.

Q. Where did you meet with O'Donnell?—A. I heard of his being taken the Friday after. I ordered the Bow-street man to give notice.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.

Q. You told the Bow-street patrol you had been robbed, and who had robbed you?—A. Yes, I took hold of the Bow-street-man; I thought

thought he was one of the parties.

Q. You found out you were mistaken, and you found him to be a Bow-street patrol.—A. Yes.

Q, You heard on the Friday after that he was taken up; did you go to Bow-street, or any other office, to make an inquiry?—A. No.

Q. Have you always said that you told the Bow-street officer.—A. Yes.

Q. Do you know a person of the name of Whistler?—A. Yes.

Q. Did not you tell him that you had not told the Bow-street officer the name of O'Donnell?—A. No.

Q. Will you say that you did not tell him that you did not know his name?—A. I do not remember that I told Whistler that.

Q. Did you tell any body else that you did not know the name of the person that robbed you?—A. To the best of my knowledge I always said that I did know his name.

Q. You are quite sure that you did not say to any person that you did not know his name?—A. I always said that I knew his person.

Q. Did not you say to some person that you did not mention his name to the Bow-street officer, and that you did not know his name?—A. I do not know that I did, I cannot swear one way or the other.

Q. He was afterwards committed, that you heard?—A. Yes.

Q. You never went to Marlborough-street, after he was committed?—A. I did; I saw Foy; I went there to ask what officer took him.

Q. You never intended to make any charge, till after he was committed; you never made any charge to the magistrate that he had robbed you?—A, No.

Q. Do you mean to swear that you mentioned to Foy that he was the person that robbed you?—A. I forget, I will not swear it.

Q. You went to Marlborough-street for the purpose of ascertaining who was the person that apprehended him; did you tell Foy that O'Donnell was the person that robbed you?—A. I might or I might not, I will not swear that I did or I did not.

Q. Did you ever prefer your bill until you saw the prisoner at the bar for trial at this sessions?—A. Yes, I went last Thursday.

Q. That was after the sessions had began?—A. I did not know that.

Q. You know there is a reward of forty pounds, if you convict the prisoner?—A. I do not know; I have heard such a thing.

Q. Do not you understand there is a forty pounds reward, and that you would perhaps have a share in it?—A. I do not want it.

Q. Do not you suppose that you would be entitled to a part of it?—A. I know now you have told me, I did not know it before. I have heard many say so, both before I preferred the bill of indictment and after.

——— Codgell sworn.—I am the daughter of the last witness; I was with my father on the said night; I was asleep when the man was in the cart; my father awaked me; he told me there was somebody wanting money; there was another man at the horse's head; I did not know the man in the cart. After he had robbed my father, he laid a pistol across my lap, and he desired me to give him my money. I told him I had none; he said he knew better, if I had it not about me I had it in the cart. I then told him I had some halfpence; he put his hand into my pocket and took

a handful;

a handful; he dropped some in the cart; I gave him the rest; he got out of the cart, and told my father to go on. We went on about twenty yards, and then my father said he would go after them. I went home with the cart, and my father went after the men.

Q. Now look at the prisoner.—A. I do not know him.

Mr. Knapp.—There was no property found that ever belonged to this man.

Prisoner's Defence.—My Lord, I have had the misfortune to be here tried, and convicted of a capital offence. I hope that circumstance will not operate against me on the present occasion; I was led into that offence by Cuddiford, who was the principal witness in that case. I most solemnly declare I am innocent of this charge, and to this declaration I call upon God to witness, as I expect for mercy here and hereafter. I did not know of this charge against me till last Wednesday, when I was informed that my prosecutor had sworn that I was the man that robbed him; that he knew my person only from happening to see me at prize fights. I understood also that he went to the Bow-street patrol, and informed him of the robbery, but not of my person. If he had known my name he ought to have mentioned it directly, and have gone to the Police Office.—If he had so done, I should have been directly apprehended. He must also learn from the public newspapers that I was in custody, and had been several times examined at the Marlborough-street office. I should humbly think he ought to have gone to the office and made his charge, and then I should have heard what he had to alledge against me; and when the circumstance was recent, I might have brought to some friend's recollection where I was; but in this course of time I cannot. I must trust my case to your Lordship and the jury, being well assured that notwithstanding my unfortunate situation, every justice will be done me.

Not Guilty, aged 22.

HORSE RACES ON THE CONTINENT.

MR. EDITOR,

PERHAPS it may not be totally unamusing to some of your readers to have an account of the mode in which horse races are conducted in some parts of the continent. In Italy, I understand, this charming diversion is not unfrequent.—The horses are not, in general, like ours, mounted and managed by a jockey, but are left at perfect liberty to exert their powers in the greatest degree, to attain the goal. At the time of carnival in Rome, these races are generally run in the long street, called in Italian *il Corso;* the length is nearly 865 toises, or rather more than an English mile. They are generally Barbary horses that are employed in this amusement. In appearance, these animals are small, and very far from handsome. They are all kept equal by a rope, against which they press with their breasts till the signal to start is given: the rope is then dropped, and the affrighted horses start away at full speed. At Florence they endeavour to increase the speed of their horses, by fixing a large piece of leather, not unlike the flaps of a saddle, on the back of each horse; the under side of this is armed with very sharp prickles, which keep perpetually goading them all the while they run. In order that the horses may not run out

out of the course, a strong railing runs along each side of the course, and a rope is fixed across at each end, to prevent them leaving the course at the extremities. The speed, however, of these Barbary horses, though considerable, is very inferior to that of the English racer. The course of 865 toises at Rome, is run over in 141 seconds.—an English mile is about 826 toises; so that these horses run very little more than a mile in two minutes, which an ordinary racer is able to do in England; not to mention Childers, who is said to have run a mile in one minute; and to have run round the circular course at Newmarket, which is 400 yards short of four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds.—Starling is said also to have performed the first mile in a minute. Childers ran the Beacon Course in seven minutes and a half. The Round Course is asserted to have been more than once run round in six minutes and six seconds. The Barbary horses must, according to what was said above, get over thirty-seven feet in a second; the swiftness of the English horses will be found, by this mode of estimating, far superior. Starling must have moved, in the performance mentioned before, eighty-two feet and a half in a second.

Dr. Maty, in his celebrated publication, "Le Journal Britannique," considering this subject, tells us, that every bound by the fleetest Barbary horse at Rome would cover eighteen royal feet and a half, and twenty-two or twenty-three feet by the English horses; so that the swiftness of the latter would be, to that of the former, as four to three, or nearly*. The horses that passed over a mile in a minute, would evidently go faster than the wind, for the greatest swiftness of a ship at sea has never been known to exceed six marine leagues in an hour; and if we suppose that the vessel thus borne partakes one third of the swiftness of the wind which drives it, the latter would still be no more than eighty feet a second, which would be two feet and a half less than the quantity of ground covered by Childers and Starling in that time. For this calculation I am indebted to M. de la Condamine's Journal of a Tour through Italy. Buffon, in his Natural History, mentions an example of the extraordinary speed of the English horses. Mr. Thornhill, the post-master of Stilton, laid a wager, he would ride in fifteen hours three times the road from Stilton to London, the distance being 215 miles. On the 29th of April, 1745, he set out from Stilton, and after mounting eight different horses, arrived in London in three hours and fifty-one minutes. Instantly leaving London again, and mounting only six horses, he reached Stilton in three hours and fifty-two minutes. For the third course he used seven of the same horses, and finished it in three hours and forty-nine minutes. He thus performed his undertaking in eleven hours and thirty-two minutes.—Buffon observes—"I suspect that no example of such fleetness was ever exhibited at the olympic games." A horse, the property of a gentleman in Billiter Square, London, trotted on the fourth of July, 1788, for a wager of thirty guineas, thirty miles in an hour and twenty min-

* We are not to forget that the English race horse carries a jockey, and frequently weights on his back, the Barb nothing.

utes, though allowed an hour and a half. These instances of speed are astonishing, even by ordinary horses. The four miles for the Union Cup at Preston were run this year in very little more than seven minutes.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the breed of horses in this country, which has been capable of producing such illustrious examples of speed.

I shall consider myself highly obliged by a communication from any gentleman, mentioning parallel instances with those I have quoted; and beg leave to subscribe myself, Your constant reader,

CURSOR.

THE DESERTS OF ARABIA.

Covent Garden, Nov. 21.

THIS melo-drama is from the pen of Mr. Reynolds. The principal characters are as follow:

Don Utopio	Mr. Liston.
Carlos	Mr. Incledon.
Hassan Artaz	Mr. Emery.
Tristram Doleful	Mr. Fawcett.
Abdallah	Mr. Chapman.
Widow Loriston	Miss Brunton.
Zamyrta	Mrs. C. Kemble.

Carlos is compelled by his father to cross the desert to Bassora, where a rich widow expects his hand.—He and Tristram set out with a Tartar guide, whose behaviour disgusts them, and they leave his party. They are attacked by a party of Arabs, and take sanctuary in the tomb of Ali. Here Abdallah, an old invalid, is placed to watch the perpetual fires; who, weighed down by indisposition, commits the sacred trust to his daughter Zamyrta. Zamyrta finds in Carlos a lost lover, and the joy of meeting causes her to forget the care of the lamps.—They are extinguished, and Abdallah, with his daughter, are exposed in the desert for their sacrilege.—Carlos and Tristram go on to Bassora, and the latter discovers that the widow, destined for Carlos, is no other than his run-away wife. A reconciliation takes place, and the parties are all crossing the desert on their return, when they find Abdallah and Zamyrta, whom they deliver from the fury of the Arabs.—Carlos is united to Zamyrta, and the piece concludes with a grand procession and chorus.

As a spectacle, this melo-drama is extremely grand: the expence of the scenery, dresses, and decorations which are all new, must have been immense. The last scene has a particularly beautiful effect; the wings are removed, and the whole stage laid open, to display camels, elephants, and all the magnificent paraphernalia of an Eastern caravan. The music is composed by Mr. G. Lanza, after the manner of the Italian school, but extremely well adapted to the English stage. Some of the songs were received with tumults of applause. A thunder storm towards the conclusion of the piece, in which the mechanists did not appear to be perfect, excited some disapprobation: but the grandeur of the spectacle, the interest attached to Zamyrta, the power of the music, and the gaiety of the dialogue, overcame the transitory displeasure, and the "Deserts of Arabia" was announced for a second representation amidst the almost unanimous cheers of a brilliant and overflowing audience.

On the second representation of this drama, the thunder storm in the last act was taken away, the dances and processions were better arranged than before, and the splendour of the decorations, of course, was discerned to better advantage.

A CORRECT LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN GREAT BRITAIN.—1806.

The Ages of the Horses, &c. took place last May-Day.

By ACASIA.—Sold into Russia.

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

4 BAY Colt, the property of Mr. Milnes, won 160gs at Pontefract 1

7 Lismahago, Mr. Tate's, 50l. at Blandford 1

By ADMIRAL.

3 Roan Filly, Mr. Holyoake's, 100gs at Bridgenorth, and 50l. at Ludlow 2

By AIMATOR.—Sold into Russia.

4 Aylesby, Mr. Butterfield's, 50l. at Preston 1

By ALEXANDER.

4 Bucephalus, Lord Wilton's, a Piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. at Chester, 70gs at Bridgenorth, 80gs and 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, 50l. at Oswestry, and 50l. at Wrexam 6

By APOLLO.

Aged. Chesnut Horse, Mr. Morley's, 50gs at Skipton 1

By ARCHDUKE.—Sold into America.

3 Roseden, Mr. Ilderton's, 100gs at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at 50l. at Carlisle 2

By ARCHER.—Sold to His R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Aged. Gregsonia, Mr. F. Sitwell's, the Hunters' Stakes at Millfield; Mr. Lonsdale's, 50gs at Edinburgh 2

By BENINGBROUGH.

3 Banker, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Carlisle 1

3 Barabbas, Mr. C. Browne's, 50l. at Nottingham 1

3 Brafferton, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 100gs at Malton, and 150gs at York August Meeting 2

3 Brown Filly, (out of Rosamond) Mr. Peirse's, 120gs at Catterick-Bridge, and 270gs at York August Meeting 2

3 Centurion, Mr. Wentworth's, 110gs at Skipton 1

3 Fortuna, Mr. Fenton's, 95l. 10s. and 50l. at Newcastle; Mr. Brandling's, 50l. at Morpeth, and 50l. at Millfield 4

6 Lady Mary, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. ar Morpeth, twice 50gs at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Ayr, and 50gs at Dumfries 6

7 Orville, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 200gs at Newmarket, 150gs and 100gs at Lewes; also 50gs and 200gs at Newmarket 5

3 Shipton, Lord Grey's, 100gs and 120gs at Chester, 90gs at Bridgenorth, 80gs at Ludlow, 90gs at Lichfield, and 50l. at Shrewsbury 6

By

By a BROTHER to EAGLE.—Dead, by a kick from a mare, which broke one of his legs.

3 Maid of the Mill, Mr. Harrison's, 50gs at Newcastle.......... 1

By a BROTHER to REPEATOR.

4 Regulator, Mr. F. Neale's, 50gs, 100gs, and 10gs at Newmarket. 3

By a BROTHER to WRANGLER.

3 Brown Filly, Lord Montgomery's, 50gs at Ayr.............. 1

By BUSTARD.—Died in 1803 after serving a mare.

3 Young Bustard, Mr Horton's, 50lb at Newcastle.............. 1

By BUZZARD.—Sold into America, and is a Stallion in Virginia.

3 Amateur, Mr. Panton's, 50l. and 50gs at Newmarket 2

3 Bay Colt, (out of Ossian's dam) Lord Sackville's, 50gs at Newmarket.. 1

3 Blowing, Lord Foley's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket........ 2

5 Brainworm, Mr. Arthur's, 100gs, 100gs, 25gs, 200gs, 300gs, 600gs, 25gs, 150gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 200gs at Newmarket. 11

3 Bronze, Hon. B. Craven's, 200gs, and 120gs at Newmarket; also the Oaks' Stakes of 925gs at Epsom 3

5 Bustard, Mr. Ladbroke's, 100gs at Newmarket; Lord Sackville's, 100gs, 100gs, 125gs, and 300gs at Newmarket....... 5

3 Chesnut Colt, (out of Spinetta) Lord Lowther's, 220gs at Catterick-Bridge 1

4 Currycomb, Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Arthur's 300gs, 25gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; Mr. Blachford's, 100gs, 100gs, 50gs, 50gs, 200gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket.................................... 13

3 Deceiver, Lord Stawell's, 250gs at Brighton, and 30gs at Newmarket.. 2

6 Dreadnought, Hon. G. Watson's, 100gs and 40gs at Newmarket, 400gs at Brighton; also 100gs and 100gs at Newmarket.... 5

2 Hawke, Mr. Forth's, 100gs at Egham 1

4 Junius, Mr. Jones's, 200gs and 80gs at Cardiff, and 200gs at Swansea.. 3

5 Little Peggy, Hon. G. Herbert's, 50l. at Salisbury, also 210gs and 50l. at Kingscote 3

2 Little Sally, Mr. C. Wilson's, 25gs, 450gs, 50gs, 100gs, and 25gs at Newmarket.. 5

5 Lynceus, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath................ 1

3 Merrymaid, Mr. Golding's, 50l. at Huntingdon.............. 1

3 Pantaloon, Mr. C. Wilson's, 50l. at Guildford; Mr. Emden's, 50gs at Ascot-Heath, 50l. at Oxford, and 50gs at Blickling. 4

6 Piccadilly, Mr. Emden's, the King's Plate at Ascot-Heath 1

8 Quiz, Mr. F. Neale's, 325gs at Newmarket, and 120gs at Ascot-Heath 2

2 Ralphina, Mr. Panton's, 100gs and 40gs at Newmarket 2

3 Selim, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50gs at Brighton, and 195gs at Newmarket.................................. 2

3 Superstition, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 80gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 3

 3 Vanity,

3 Vanity, the Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 3

By CALOMEL.

6 Little John, Mr. Mellish's, 25gs at Bibury 1

By CARDINAL.

3 Cardinal Puff, Mr. Croft's, 50gs at Beverley; also 100gs and 200gs at York August Meeting 3

By CAVENDISH.—Died in the summer, 1804.

7 Jolly-Boy, Mr. Bower's, 75gs at Malton, and 60gs at Catterick-Bridge; Lord Lowther's, 90gs at Stamford 3

By CAUSTIC.

3 Chesnut Colt, Col. Molyneux's, 50l. at Swansea 1

By CHANCE, (a son of Javelin.)

6 Chancellor, Mr. Glover's, 100gs at Lichfield 1

By CHARIOT.—Sold into Russia.

5 Young Chariot, Sir W. Gerard's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs added, at Catterick-bridge; and the Gold Cup, value 80gs, at Boroughbridge 2

By CONSTITUTION.—Sold into Russia in 1805.

6 Doubtful, Mr. Faulkener's, 130gs at Northampton; also 180gs and 50l. at Warwick 3

By CORIANDER.

6 Ducat, Mr. Douglas's, 185gs and 50l. at Maddington; also the Welter Stakes of 280gs and 50l. at Bibury 4

4 Glory, Hon. C. Wyndham's, 50l. 200gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 5

3 Honor, Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 3

9 Marcia. Mr. Garforth's, 275gs, and one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting; also the King's Plate at Carlisle, and the King's Plate at Dumfries 4

4 Swinley, General Gower's, 350gs, 70gs, 100gs, and 100gs: also received 100gs, being second for the Port Stakes at Newmarket 5

By COUNTRYMAN.

Country-Lad, Mr. Haynes's, 50l. at Abingdon 1

By DELPINI.

4 Drum-Major, Sir T. Gascoigne's, the King's Plate at Newcastle. 1

5 Evander, Mr. Watt's, 100gs at Beverley, and the King's Plate at Lichfield 2

4 Grey Filly, (dam by Florizel) Mr. Stapleton's, 50l. at Huntingdon 1

7 Hessle, Col. King's, 50gs at Lincoln 1

5 Priscilla, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. at Newcastle, the King's Plate at Edinburgh, 50l. at Ayr, and 50gs at Dumfries 5

4 Sir Launcelot, Sir J. Shelley's, 200gs, 100gs, 85gs, 90gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 5

4 Trafalgar,

4 Trafalgar, Mr. Mason's, 100gs and 70gs at Skipton, and the Gold Cup, value 60gs, at Chesterfield........................ 3
5 Vesta, Mr. Garforth's, one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. and the King's Plate, (called Hambleton Guineas) at the York August Meeting 2

By DON QUIXOTE.—Died after the covering season, 1806.

4 Artichoke, Mr. C. W. Wynne's, 70gs at Oswestry............ 1
5 Miss Coiner, Mr. Butler's received 30gs, being second for the Oatlands' Stakes at Newmarket; won 80gs at Ludlow, 50gs at Knighton, 80gs and twice 50l. at Worcester, 90gs at Warwick, 50l. at Leicester, and 50l. at Walsall................ 9
Sir Robert, Lieut. M'Alister's, the Gold Cup, value 50gs, at Barham-Downs...................................... 1

By DOUGLAS.—A Stallion in Scotland, and lately in Lord Strathmore's stud; got by Bourdeaux, out of Bonduca, by Justice.

Aged. Grey Douglas, Mr. Hutchinson's, 200gs at Penrith........ 1

By DRAGON.

3 Colt, (out of a sister to Bhegum) Hon. Newton Fellowes's, 150gs and 100gs at Exeter 2

By FERGUS.

5 Chesnut Mare, Mr. Lloyd's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. and 50gs at Oswestry 2

By FLYING GIB.

6 Gib, Mr. Palfrey's, 50gs at Worcester...................... 1

By GLAUCUS.—He was a Stallion in Sir W. W. Wynne's stud, at Wynnstay, Glamorganshire, and was Sire of a great number of very capital hunters.

6 Chesnut Horse, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs at Holywell, and a stakes at Tarporley.. 2
6 Glaucides, Sir E. P. Lloyd's, 105gs at Holywell............. 1
6 Rebel, Mr. Walford's, 80gs at Shrewsbury; and the Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry 2

By GOHANNA.—He covered last season in the Earl of Egremont's Stud, at Petworth, Sussex, at 25gs, and one guinea the Groom.—He is to cover the ensuing season, at the same place, at 50gs, and 2gs the Groom.

3 Bay Colt, (brother to Cardinal Beaufort) Lord Egremont's, 330gs at Epsom, 50gs at Lewes; also 100gs and 50l. at Egham ... 4
3 Bay Filly, (out of Fraxinella) Lord Egremont's, 110gs at Brighton... 1
4 Cardinal Beaufort, Lord Egremont's, 100gs, 200gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 3
4 Cerberus, Lord Egremont's, 60gs at Goodwood; the Silver Cup, value 50gs, and 60gs added, also 110gs at Brighton; 50l. 75gs, and 50l. at Egham.. 6
3 Hedley, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs and 100gs at Lewes............ 2

3 Jerboa,

3 Jerboa, Lord Egremont's, received 100gs, being second for the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom; Mr. Mellish's, 100gs at Newmarket 2
3 Receiver, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 40gs at Newmarket 1
3 Trafalgar, Lord Egremont's, received 100gs, being second for the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; Mr. Mellish's, the Pavilion Stakes of 950gs, and the Egremont Stakes of 1100gs at Brighton ... 3
3 Wretch, Mr. Arthur's, 200gs, 150gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 4

By GOUTY.

4 Lord Mayor, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Newbury 1

By GROUSE.

3 Bay Colt, (brother to Lumbago) Mr. Moorhouse's, 50gs at Epsom 1
3 Forester, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 350gs, 300gs, 50l. and 100gs at Newmarket 5
4 Tournament, General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1

By GUILDFORD.

3 Candidate, Sir J. Mawbey's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, 50gs, at Egham, and 60gs at Abingdon 3
3 Prisoner, Sir H. Lippincott's, 63gs at Maddington; the Cup value 55gs at Southampton; and 80gs at Newbury 3
5 Woodcot, Capt. Weir's, 50l. at Bickleigh 1

By HAMBLETONIAN.—It is expected he will have a very capital season next year, 1807.

3 Grey Colt (out of Faith) Mr. Garforth's, 50l. at Malton; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and the 100l. Plate at Doncaster; also 100gs Plate at Dumfries 4
3 Have-at-'em, General Grosvenor's, 100gs at Newmarket 1
3 John of Arc, Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Shrewsbury 1
3 St. Domingo, Lord Grey's, 90gs at Manchester; Lord Stamford's 50l. at Bridgenorth, and 50l. at Worcester 3
3 Shelah, Mr. Sitwell's, 50l. at Derby 1
4 Sir Andrew, Mr. Johnson's, 50l. at Chesterfield 1
3 Smuggler, Mr. Wilson's, 400gs at Brighton; Mr. Mellish's, 650gs at Newmarket 2
4 Timekeeper, Mr. Douglas's, 65gs at Reading; and the Cup, value 60gs, at Kingscote 2

By HIGHOVER.—He was a private Stallion in the late Margrave of Anspach's Stud.

3 Fancy, Major Graves's, 50l. at Canterbury 1

By HIS LORDSHIP.—Sold into Russia, where he is now a Stallion.

3 Richard, Gen. Grosvenor's, 100gs at Newmarket 1

By HOLYHOCK.

6 Varmint, Sir H. Mainwaring's, 75gs at Holywell 1

By

BY JOE ANDREWS.—He was Sire of some good runners, but died when he was becoming a favourite Stallion.

9	Dick Andrews, Lord Sackville's, 50l. and 60gs at Lewes	2

BY JOHN BULL.—Sold into Scotland, where he is now a Stallion.

5	Agincourt, Mr. Forth's, 25gs at Newmarket, and 50l. at Ascot-Heath	2
6	Albion, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 80gs at Brighton	1
5	Enterprise, Mr. Howorth's 280gs and 50l. at Bibury, and 500gs at Newmarket	3
3	Norah, Lord Grosvenor's, 140gs at Stamford; Lord F. G. Osborne's, 200gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket..........	4
4	Plantaganet, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs, 500gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; also 50l. at Lewes........	4
3	Tudor, Lord Grosvenor's, 350gs, 200gs, and 60gs at Newmarket; Mr. Payne's, 50gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket..	7
4	Violanté, Lord Grosvenor's, the Port Stakes of 450gs, 100gs, 100gs; also the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 20gs in specie, at Newmarket	4

BY JUPITER.—Died at Thornville-Royal, in 1802, aged 27.

6	Norval, Mr. H. Howorth's, 10gs at Bibury; Mr. Mellish's, thrice 25gs at Newmarket	4
	Sir Hugh, Mr. Weatherley's, the Annual Hunters' Cup, and 100gs at Newcastle	2

BY MAGIC.—Sold into Russia in 1803.

4	Mountaineer, Mr. C. Browne's, 200gs, 50gs, 100gs, 25gs, 50gs, and 10gs at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Stamford; 50l. at Nottingham, 50l. at Derby, and 50l. at Leicester; also twice 100gs at Newmarket...	12

BY MARSK, (MR. RICHARDSON'S.)

3	Miss Briscoe, Mr. Briscoe's, 51l. 10s. at Nantwich	1
3	Newton, Mr. Astley's, 60gs at Manchester........	1

BY METEOR.

3	Bay Colt, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, and 45gs at Holywell........	2
4	Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs, 200gs, and 70gs at Newmarket........	3

BY MR. TEAZLE.

5	Charles Teazle, Mr. Hart's, 60gs at Stockbridge	1
3	Chesnut Filly, (out of the Yellow Mare) Sir Frank Standish's, 50gs at Newmarket........	1
4	Mirmillo, Lord C. Somerset's, 120gs at Maddington, and 80gs at Exeter........	2
6	Slate, Sir H. Lippincott's, 65gs, 25gs, and 30gs at Bibury; 50l. at Winchester, 50l. at Taunton, 50l. at Exeter, 170gs at Kingscote, and 50l. at Tewkesbury........	8

BY

BY MOORCOCK.

4 Bay Colt, (out of Matron) Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 50gs at Lewes; Major Pigott's, twice 50l. at Canterbury, and 60gs at Barham Downs 4
6 Cockspinner, Mr. J. Eyre's, 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, 50l. at Warwick, the Town Plate at Shrewsbury, 50l. at Oswestry, and 50l. at Wrexham 5
3 Cocolobo, Mr. Sitwell's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket 2
3 Eliza, Mr. W. Bayley's, 50l. at Stamford 1
5 Featherlegs, Mr. J. Hawkes's, 75gs at Kingscote 1
3 Fricasée, (late Chicken) General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1
3 Lady Bird, Mr. Fisher's, 50l. at Northampton 1
3 Mignionette, (late Osier) Mr. Foster's, 250gs at Newmarket; Mr. Walker's, 145gs at Ascot-Heath 2
3 Ptarmagon, Mr. J. Egerton's, 50l. at Chester 1

BY NEWBYTH.—He is a Stallion in Mr. Baird's stud, at Newbyth, and is Sire of several good hunters.

Young Newbyth, Mr. Baird's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Ayr; and 50l. at Fife 2

BY NOBLEMAN.

3 Chesnut Filly, Lord Montgomerie's, 50gs at Ayr 1

BY OBERON.

8 Witchcraft, Mr. Stratton's, 120gs at Oxford 1

BY OBERON, OR CAVENDISH.

5 Asfordby, Mr. W. Bayley's, 50gs at Derby, and 60gs at Lincoln. 2

BY ORMOND.—Sold into Russia in 1805.

3 Doubtful, Mr. Artley's, 50l. at Malton 1
4 Miss Cheesecake, Mr. Phillips's, 50l. at Newton 1

BY OSCAR.

3 Honeysuckle, Mr. Morland's, 50gs at Chelmsford 1

BY OVERTON.—Died at Skipton, near York, May 30, 1801, aged 13.

4 Barouche, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l. at Brighton; Mr. S. S. Prime's, 25gs at Newmarket 2
4 Brown Filly, Mr. Baird's, 50gs at Ayr 1
4 Capias, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50l. at Stockbridge, 50l. at Blandford, and 50l. at Newbury 3
4 Cleveland, Mr. G. Hutton's, 60gs at York Spring Meeting; also 50l. and 70gs at Lincoln 3
4 Didapper, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 70l. at Manchester, twice 50l. at Newton, and 50l. at Kelso 4
5 Hebe, Mr. C. Smith's, 80gs at Newton, 62l. at Nantwich, 210gs at Lichfield, 50l. at Shrewsbury, 50l. at Walsall, and 50l. at Stafford 6
4 Honesty, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs at Newmarket 1

BY PASTOR.

3 Bay Colt, (out of Virginella, Lord Cawdor's, 50gs at Haverford-West 1

BY

BY PEDLAR.

3 Elvira, Mr. Jenner's, 50gs at Cardiff, 50l. at Haverford-West, and 50l. at Swansea 3

BY PEGASUS.

5 Eunuch, Mr. Butler's, 105gs at Ascot-Heath, and 50l. at Ludlow 2
4 Hippomenes, Mr. Forth's, 120gs at Ascot-Heath, 100gs and 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Fermor's, 200gs at Newmarket.. 4
6 Laura, Mr. Pearce's, 50gs at Epsom, and 50l. at Guildford; Mr. C. Browne's, 50l. at Chelmsford, and 50l. at Ipswich....... 4
Leviathan, Mr. C. Burgh's, 100gs at Lewes 1
Peggy Rose, Mr. Worrall's, 50l. at Stockbridge.............. 1

BY PENCIL.

4 Guido, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs at Newbury.................. 1
3 Rubens, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs at Newbury................. 1

BY PIPATOR.—Died at Streatlam-Castle, February 20, 1803, aged 18.

3 Cramlington, Mr Storey's, 71l. at Morpeth 1
4 The Dean, Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Northallerton 1
4 Lavinia, Mr. Birch's, 50l. at Chester; 50l. at Swansea, and twice 50l. at Haverford-West................................ 4
Quilldriver, Hon. P. Burrell's, 50gs at Goodwood............ 1
3 Streatlam-Lass, Mr. Mellish's, 210gs at Pontefract, and 300gs at Newmarket 2
4 Welch-Harp, Mr. Clifton's, received 20l. at Manchester, and won 50l. at Tenbury; Mr. T. Birch's, 50l. at Warwick, and twice 50l. at Lichfield 5

BY POT-EIGHTO'S.—Died at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, in November, 1800, aged 27.

7 Enchanter, Lord Sackville's, 180gs at Bibury, and 50l. at Lewes. 2
6 Parasol, the Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 200gs, the King's Plate for mares, twice 50l. 50gs, and 200gs at Newmarket....... 7

BY PRECIPATE.—Sold at the late Mr. Watt's sale, and sent to Russia.

Bayard, General Lenox's, 50gs at Goodwood, and 100gs at Lewes 2
4 Bay Colt, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, 200gs at Beverley............ 1
4 Langton, Mr. Howorth's, received 200gs, being second for the Claret Stakes at Newmarket; 265gs at Bibury; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 80gs in specie; and 50l. at Oxford; also 100gs at Egham.. 5
4 Lemonpeel, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 60gs at Chester............. 1
3 Malvolio, Mr. D. Boyce's, 10gs at Newmarket; Mr. F. Neale's, twice 200gs at Newmarket 3
4 Mariner, Lord F. Bentinck's, 25gs at Bibury; Mr. Roberts's, 25gs at Bibury.. 2
5 Slipper, Lord Egremont's, received 10gs at Egham; Mr. R. Ladbroke's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket.................. 3

BY REVENGE.—Died in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury.

10 Mary, (late Bona-Roba) Mr. T. Butler's, 50l. at Knighton.... 1

By ST. GEORGE.

5 Green-Dragon, Mr. Bullock's, 50l. at Taunton, 50l. at Newbury, and 50l. at Kingscote 3
3 Sweetwilliam, Mr. Seymour's, 50l. at Skipton 1
4 True-Briton, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Durham 1
5 Zodiac, Lord Darlington's, 250gs and 100gs at Newmarket 2

By SAXE COBOURGH.

3 Czarina, Hon. Mr. Harbord's, 50gs at Blickling 1

By SCHEDONI.—After covering one season, he was sold to Mr. Smith, who sent him into Russia.

3 Bay Colt, Hon. C. Wyndham's, 50gs at Newmarket 1
3 Shittlecock, Mr. Watt's, 100gs at York August Meeting 1

By SCREVETON.

Bay Gelding, Mr. Key's, 50l. at Malton 1
4 Miss Welham, Mr. Acred's, 25gs at Malton 1

By SELIM, (AN ARABIAN.)—Died at Ainderby Steeple, in May, 1806, aged 24.

3 Young Selim, Mr. Dent's, 50l. at Catterick-Bridge 1

By SHUTTLE.

3 Bay Colt, (dam by Walnut) Mr. Brandling's, 50l. at Boroughbridge 1
5 Gratitude, (alias Richmond-Lass) Mr. W. Bayley's, 100gs, 300gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Butterfield's, the King's Plate at Lincoln 4
3 Off-she-goes, Mr. Mellish's, 25gs at Newmarket, and 200gs at the York August Meeting 2
4 Staveley, Mr. Mellish's, received 30gs, being second for the Oatlands' Stakes; won 200gs, 500gs, the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs, 400gs, and 100gs at Newmarket 6

By SIR PETER TEAZLE.—In 1807, he will cover thirty mares, (besides those of his owner, and such as he shall allow to be covered gratis) at Knowsley, Lancashire, at 25gs each, and one guinea the Groom.

3 Atlas, Mr. E. Ackers's, 80gs at Newton, 50l. at Preston, and 15gs at Nantwich 3
5 Bagatelle, Lord F. Bentinck's, 255gs at Maddington, 250gs and 50gs at Bibury, 145gs at Exeter, 110gs at Kingscote, and thrice 50gs at Newmarket 8
4 Barbarossa, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l. at Newmarket, 375gs at Brighton, the King's Plate at Lewes, 70gs and the King's Plate at Canterbury; also 125gs and the King's Plate at Newmarket 7
3 Bay Filly, (out of Katherine) Sir H. T. Vane's, 50l. at the York August Meeting, 50l. at Pontefract; also 50gs and 50l. at Northallerton 4
4 Bay Filly, (sister to Duxbury) Sir F. Standish's, 75gs at Newmarket 1

2 Bay

2 Bay Filly, (sister to Sir Paul) Lord Fitzwilliam's, 240gs at York August Meeting, 100gs at Pontefract, and 100gs at Doncaster 3
3 Brown Filly, (out of Heroine) Lord Strathmore's, 125gs at Catterick-Bridge, 950gs at the York August Meeting, and 240gs at Doncaster 3
4 Caleb Quote'em, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100gs at the York August Meeting 1
3 Clasher, Mr. Sitwell's, 600gs, 25gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs at Newmarket 4
5 Czar Peter, Mr. Mellish's, 175gs, the King's Plate, and 100gs at Newmarket 3
3 Epsom-Lass, (late Orange-Girl) Mr. J. Croft's, 50l. at Epsom; Mr. Waddington's, the Queen's Plate at Chelmsford; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, and 50gs at Reading; Mr Goulburn's, 50l. with Mr. Perram's 30gs added, at Newmarket 5
3 Filly, (out of Faunus's dam) Hon. G. Watson's, a forfeit at Newmarket 1
3 Fyldener, Mr. Clifton's, 100gs and 140gs at York Spring Meeting, 325gs at York August Meeting, and the St. Leger Stakes of 975gs at Doncaster 4
3 Grazier, Duke of Hamilton's, 100gs at Preston 1
9 Haphazard, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 1000gs at Lewes... 1
4 Hedley, Mr. Wrixon's, 50l. at Cardiff 1
3 Hipswell-Lass, Mr. S. Duncombe's, the Gold Cup, value 105gs, at Lincoln 1
5 Houghton-Lass, Sir John Shelley's, 600gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; also 200gs at Lewes 5
4 Jasper, Lord Grosvenor's, 200gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; 250gs at York August Meeting; also 100gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 7
5 Josephina, Mr. Clifton's, 50l. at the York Spring Meeting; also 120gs and 60l. at Knutsford 3
4 Knight Errant, Lord Grosvenor's, 50l. at Nantwich 1
4 Little Peter, Lord Foley's, 200gs, the Claret Stakes of 700gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 3
4 Margaretta, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Salisbury, 50gs at Southampton, 50l. at Reading, and 50l. at Abingdon 4
4 Milo, Lord Derby's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs and and 120gs at Chester, 180gs at Preston, the King's Plate at Warwick; also 70gs at Doncaster 5
3 Miss Cranfield, Mr. Watt's, 50gs at Malton, and 50l. at Beverley 2
3 Miss Eliza Teazle, Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's, 50gs at Doncaster . 1
3 Pagoda, Hon. G. Watson's, 100gs at Newmarket 1
3 Paris, Sir F. Standish's, 1150gs and 550gs at Newmarket; Lord Foley's, the Derby Stakes of 1175gs at Epsom, and 125gs at Newmarket 4
3 Pipylina, Lord Foley's, twice 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket, 180gs at Pontefract; also 50gs and 20gs at Newmarket 6
4 Pluto, Mr. Timms's, 50l. at Tenbury 1

 4 Sir

4 Sir Paul, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 70gs and 80gs at Malton; the King's Plate at York August Meeting; also 200gs and the King's Plate at Doncaster.. 5
Sir Pertinax, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 60gs at Skipton.................. 1
3 Sir Peregrine, M. R. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 70gs in specie, at Egham.......... 2
3 Taurus, Lord Darlington's, 150gs at Newmarket; Mr. Sitwell's, 71l. at Nottingham, 50l. at Derby, and 50gs at Doncaster..... 4
4 Trafalgar, Lord Darlington's, 200gs and one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at the York August Meeting; the Gold Cup, value 120gs, and the 100l. Plate at Pontefract; also 170gs at Doncaster.. 5
3 Warrior, Mr. Clifton's, 120gs at Malton; also the Union Cup, value 100gs, with 210gs in specie, at Preston.............. 2
5 Witchcraft, Lord Sackville's, 200gs and 200gs at Newmarket, 120gs at Maddington, 80gs and 15gs at Salisbury; also 200gs at Newmarket.. 6
4 Yorkshire, Hon. G. Watson's, 200gs at Newmarket............ 1
4 Young Roscius, Lord Grey's, 50l. at Chester.................. 1

By SKYSCRAPER.

4 Bassanio, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Winchester, 50l. at Blandford, and 100gs at Kingscote.. 3

By SPEAR.

5 Maid of the Moor, Mr. Richardson's, 50gs at Knighton....... 1

By SPECTRE.

6 Whynot, Mr. Gosden's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, and the Silver Bowl at Salisbury.. 2

By STAMFORD.

2 Bessy Carr, Mr. Clowes's, 50l. at Beverley, and 50gs at Doncaster 2
2 Comrade, Mr. Mellish's, 50gs, 75gs, 50l. and 75gs at Newmarket.. 4
3 Luck's-All, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs, 100gs, and 25gs at Newmarket, 200gs and 25gs at York August Meeting, and 200gs at Newmarket.. 6
3 Sir Sampson, Mr. Marris's, twice 50l. at Beverley............ 2
3 Sir Sacripant, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 100gs and the Ladies' Plate at York August Meeting.. 2

By STAR.—In 1804, he was sold, and sent into America.

2 Bedale, Mr. Mellish's, 70gs at Newmarket.................. 1
3 Smasher, Mr. Brandling's, 100gs at Newcastle................ 1
3 Streamer, Mr. Baillie's, a Stakes of 120gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 60gs in specie, at Newcastle; also 80gs, and the Gold Cup, value 105gs at Richmond................... 4
4 Sunderland, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Penrith............. 1

By STRIDE.

5 Baronet, Mr. Walker's, 300gs at Doncaster.................. 1
6 Stretch, Lord Foley's, 50l. at Newmarket.................. 1

By

By TELESCOPE.—In 1804, he received a kick from a horse, which was the cause of his death.

3 Ambrosia, Sir T. Mostyn's, 50gs at Bridgenorth, and 50gs at Holywell 2
5 Optician, Lord F. Bentinck's, 50l. at Totness, 50l. and 60gs at Taunton, 50l. at Exeter, and 100gs at Newmarket......... 5
4 Royal Oak, Mr. Bowker's, 50l. at Chester, and 50l. at Bridgenorth 2

By TICKLE TOBY.

Aged. Bay Mare, Mr. Baird's, 50l. at Edinburgh.................. 1

By TOTTERIDGE.

3 Integrity, Mr. Nalton's, 120gs at Beverley.................. 1
3 Merrythought, Duke of Grafton's, 25gs at Newmarket; Duke of St. Albans's, 50gs, 100gs, 63gs, and 100gs at Newmarket .. 5
3 Talisman, Mr. Lascelles's, 800gs at Pontefract 1

By TRANSIT.

4 Guido, Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Winchester 1

By TRAVELLER.

4 Bounce, Mr. W. Hotham's, 70l. at Manchester, and 50l. at Richmond 2
3 Flighty, Mr. Mellish's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket; Mr. R. Prince's, 50l. at Doncaster; Mr. Goodisson's, 50l. at Newmarket 4
4 Laura, Mr. Kirby's, received 20l. at Manchester, and won 50l. at Chesterfield 2

By TRUMPATOR.

3 Clermont, Lord Sackville's, 50gs at Newmarket............. 1
4 Fathom, Mr. Andrew's, twice 50l. at Stamford, the King's Plate at Nottingham, and 50gs at Derby.................. 4
5 Sir David, Mr. Arthur's, 80gs, 100gs, 100gs, 100gs, 50gs, 25gs, and thrice 200gs at Newmarket 9
4 Tot, Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs, 50gs, and 100gs at Newmarket .. 3

By VOLUNTEER.

6 Garland, Mr. Andrew's, 70gs at Lichfield; and 70gs and 100gs at Liecester 3
3 Lady Fair, Mr. Storey's, 50gs at Derby.................. 1
3 Ploughboy, Mr. Waddington's, 50l. at Chelmsford.......... 1
Reserve, (late Rubbish) Mr. Bayzand's, 50gs at Kingscote..... 1
5 Tom Pipes, (late The Carpenter) Captain Haffenden's, 50gs at Lewes 1
Venture, Major Graves's, 60gs at Barham-Downs 1

By WALNUT.

4 Crazy, Duke of Hamilton's, the Produce Stakes of 750gs at York August Meeting 1
5 Hasty, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Preston 1
9 Sowerby, Capt. F. Hartley's, 60gs at Goodwood............ 1
3 Wrexham-Lass, Mr. Harris's, 50l. at Stafford.............. 1

By

By WAXY.

3 Chesnut Colt, Mr. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Brighton, and 60gs, at Newmarket 2
Aged. Chesnut Mare, Lieut. Cole's, twice 50gs at Pontefract 2
4 Dodona, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs at Newmarket 1
5 Heeltap, Mr. Kellerman's, 50l. at Oxford 1
5 Latitat, Mr. Emden's, 50l. at Reading, and the Silver Cup, value 50l. with 40gs in specie, at Tewkesbury 2
4 Newmarket, Mr. T. Goddard's, 150gs at Newmarket, and 50l. at Brighton 2
5 Pavilion, Lord Darlington's, 2000gs at Lewes; the Gold Cup, with 260gs added, and 2000gs at Brighton; also 500gs at Newmarket 4
5 Watery, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath 1

By WEATHERCOCK.

Grey Poney, Mr. Smith's, 40gs at Hambleton 1

By WHISKEY.

3 Charmer, Mr. Godfrey's, the King's Plate at Ipswich; Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs and 90gs at Newmarket 3
4 Lydia, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. and twice 300gs at Newmarket.. 3
3 Orangeade, Mr. Howorth's, 25gs at Newmarket; 40gs at Epsom; also 300gs, 100gs, 150gs, and 50gs at Newmarket... 6
5 Pelisse, General Gower's, 75gs, 25gs, 145gs, 100gs, and 50l. at Newmarket 5
5 Prospero, Mr. Ladbroke's, received 30gs, being second for the Oatlands' Stakes at Newmarket; 50l. at Epsom, and the King's Plate at Guildford; Lord Sackville's, the King's Plates at Salisbury and Winchester; also a 105gs at Newmarket... 6
4 Rosabella, Mr. Lake's, 90gs at Newmarket 1
2 Snug, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. 50gs, 25gs, 50gs, 50l. and 200gs at Newmarket 6
3 Tamburro, Mr. Panton's, 50gs at Newmarket 1
3 Tim, Mr. Panton's, 400gs, 300gs, 100gs, and twice 50gs at Newmarket 5
3 Trafalgar, Duke of Grafton's, 400gs at Newmarket 1
8 Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, 50l. at Maddington 1

By WINDLESTONE.

Aged. Eden, Mr. Monkhouse's, 55gs at Penrith 1
Aged. Stop-Thief, Sir H. T. Vane's, 50gs and 100gs at Beverley.. 2

By WOODPECKER.—He died in Lord Egremont's Stud at Petworth, Sussex, the latter end of the year 1798, aged 25.

7 Bay Horse, (Brother to Vivaldi) Lord Albemarle's, 165gs at Ascot-Heath; Major Wilson's, 50l. at Ipswich, and 50l. at Northampton 3

By WORTHY.

3 Bay Filly, (out of Comedy) Mr. Wilson's, 250gs at Newmarket.. 1
3 Brown Filly, (dam by Justice) Mr. Girdler's, 40gs at Newmarket 1
3 Jumper, Mr. Blachford's, 25gs and 50gs at Newmarket; Lord Stawell's, 50l. at Newmarket 3

3 Podargus,

3 Podargus, Duke of Grafton's, 300gs at Newmarket 1

By YOUNG ECLIPSE.

3 Bay Filly, (dam by Highflyer) Mr. R. Jones's, 90gs at Haverford-West.. 1

By YOUNG IMPERATOR.

Aged. Leicester-Lass, Sir M. M. Sykes's, twice 50gs at Beverley, and 110gs at Lincoln.. 3

By YOUNG PUMPKIN.

9 Ironsides, Capt. Weir's, 50gs at Bickleigh, and a Stakes at Totness 2

By YOUNG WOODPECKER.

3 Achilles, Mr. Ladbroke's, 675gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 3

4 Cricketer, Mr. Emden's, 51gs at Beccles.................. 1

4 Pagham, Mr. Scofield's 50l. at Haverford-West............ 1

4 Wormwood, Mr. Ladbroke's, 200gs at Brighton; Mr. Arthur's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket 2

By ZACHARIAH.

3 Knee-Buckle, Lord Foley's, twice 50gs at Newmarket.......... 2

BEVERLEY ELECTION.

Affair of Honour, between Major General Burton and Mr. Wharton.

Upper Brook-street, November 10, 1806.——To the Worthy and Independent Freemen of Beverley.

GENTLEMEN.

CONCEIVING the public prints a better channel to convey my sentiments than a local hand-bill, I have been induced to postpone my acknowledgments until my return to town, for all favours received from you prior to Friday, the 31st of last month; I therefore now beg leave to express my gratitude for the partiality shewn me on two former occasions, and am persuaded I should have experienced the same kindness on the third, had not the most consummate art been practised in order to mislead you, added to the illiberal behaviour of the new candidate, who took advantage of a momentary delusion, without having any property, connection or interest in the county, to give him a pretension, farther than the mere accidental circumstance of being stationed on the spot on military duty. Promoted also by the insincere conduct of the other Candidate, covered, in the first instance, by his want of veracity;—which cirsumstances, combined, have been the means of producing an unlooked-for event, for the instant answering the purpose only of, a few.

If loyalty to my sovereign, and a strong attachment to the constitution, which I have ever evinced by my steady support of those measures I have in my judgment thought the most conducive to the welfare of the empire, and which same measures in many, and indeed in

in most instances, have been followed up by the present administration, could not insure me success, I shall not regret the want of it, being in no shape ambitious of standing on any other ground than I profess.

I have, however, much consolation and gratification in the anxious and determined support I met with from some most respectable and esteemed friends, who are above all bias, and to whom I can never be sufficiently thankful. It remains for me now only farther to assure you, that I shall ever have a lively and grateful recollection of your former goodness, and I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, Your most obedient and most humble Servant. N. C. BURTON.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR.—Having been present at an affair that occurred this day, I conceive it proper to give a statement of what I was witness to.

Lieut. Gen. Burton having inserted a letter in the morning papers of the 13th ult. reflecting upon Mr. Wharton, addressed to the Freemen of Beverley; and Mr. Wharton having called upon the General for satisfaction, a meeting in consequence took place in the neighbourhood of Barnet; and after having exchanged shots, it was proposed to Gen. Burton to re-publish an address to the Freemen of Beverley, and correct his former statement, which the General refused; Mr. Wharton, at the same time, allowing that the General's statement relative to his letter, was but too true.. After which, Mr. Wharton expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and the parties shook hands. JOHN CLITHEROW.

London, Dec. 1, 1806.

MR. EDITOR.—A statement having appeared in the morning papers of this day, signed by Capt. Clitherow, respecting what passed at a meeting between Lieut. Gen. Burton and Mr. Wharton, and which statement leaves the Public too much in the dark relative to that transaction, I take the liberty to request you will insert in your paper the following statement as early as you conveniently can:—

On the 24th day of last month, Major General Este received a letter from Mr. Wharton, wrote in the county of Durham, requesting him to call on Lieut. Gen. Burton, in Upper Brook-street, to require some explanation on the subject of an attack made on Mr. Wharton's character, in his address to the Freemen of Beverley, and that in case redress could not be obtained, that he would act as his friend at any meeting he should fix with the General.

On the following day, Major Gen. Este called at Gen. Burton's, and after explaining the nature of his visit, he requested Gen. Burton would inform him on what ground he had founded the aspersion alluded to. Gen. Burton not choosing to comply on this head, Gen. Este desired his permission to read Mr. Wharton's statement on the subject supposed to have occasioned it; which paper being read, Gen. Burton said, that he could by no means agree to Mr. Wharton's statement, but desired it might be read a second time, when Gen. Burton made his observations upon each paragraph; Gen. Este then observed, that, admitting the whole of the General's observations to be founded, yet he did not conceive Gen. Burton to be justified in the public attack he had made on Mr. Wharton's character; that the offence being

being of a private nature, a breach of a private agreement, atonement should have been sought in a private manner, before it had been acted upon in a public one; and intreated Gen. Burton to consult some friend, whose unbiassed mind would give it a fair consideration. Gen. Burton declined every thing of the kind. Gen. Este then requested Gen. Burton to take a few hours consideration on what had passed, and he would again call for his determination. Gen. Burton replied, there was not the least occasion for giving such trouble, as his mind was fixed on the subject; that the publication had by no means been a hasty one, but was the offspring of a strong reflection many days after the election ended. Gen. Este still pressed a reconsideration of the matter, in order to prevent his proceeding to the very disagreeable task enjoined him by his friend Mr. Wharton. When Gen. Burton, fixed to his principle, desired him to proceed, Gen. Este then read the following propositions, as received from Mr. Wharton:—

"That Gen. Burton, as a man of justice and honour, should again address the Freemen of Beverley, and acquaint them, that, upon further inquiry, he finds himself mistaken in the opinion he had formed of the behaviour of his late colleague at the last election, and no longer ascribes to him the conduct he had imputed to him."—Or,

"That, upon further inquiry into the transactions of the late Election, he finds the opinion he had formed of the conduct of his late colleague, their present representative, was erroneous."

Gen. Burton declared he should not agree to any such proposition. Gen. Este having been authorized by Mr. Wharton to accept any acknowledgment he might think sufficient, Gen. Este proposed that General Burton should draw up any proposition that he himself would accede to, in order to prevent the delivery of a message enjoined to General Este, in case no proper conciliation was offered. General Burton said, that he should not do any thing of the kind; that he must abide by his own act, and was well aware that he was answerable for it, and mentioned a like conduct in a former affair.—General Este then fixed the meeting, when General Burton enjoined his secrecy.

On Monday, previous to the Meeting, General Este talked the matter over with Capt. Clitherow, General Burton's second, and urged every argument he could suggest, that some proper conciliatory step might be made by General Burton to set aside the necessity of going to extremities, but without effect; when the following circumstances took place near Barnet:—

After an exchange of shots, Mr. Wharton said, that without designing to injure General Burton in his election, and under a misconception, he had stated in a letter to one of his constituents, that their joint address had not been written with any view to a coalition, and that he had so done, imagining Gen. Burton had made a like representation to his friends; a copy of which letter he had sent to the General, and on which the reflection complained of was founded; and he hoped the General would now do him the justice to explain the circumstances in another address to the Freemen. This the General declined doing, as being in contradiction of what he had before stated, and which was founded on Mr. Wharton's letter.

General Este observes, that the circumstances herein stated to have passed after the exchange of shot, may not be correctly stated in the order they exactly occurred; but he does positively aver they were in substance what passed on the ground; and that previous to the final adjustment, General Burton asked Mr. Wharton if he was satisfied, and if not, he should keep to his ground. Mr. Wharton said, that he came there to satisfy his honour, not private enmity, and if General Este thought he had done sufficient, he should be satisfied; when General Burton said, you have acted as a brave man, and that he also bore no enmity, and if you are satisfied, I am willing to shake hands—or words to that effect; when General Este was of opinion the matter should drop; and the parties advanced towards each other, and shook hands. Your's, &c. CHAS. WM. ESTE.

MR. EDITOR.—In consequence of Captain Clitherow's remarks, inserted in some Papers of this day, I have to request you will insert, in your next, the following, viz.

"The written proposal, alluded to by Captain Clitherow to have been given him by Major-General Este, was, to the best of the General's recollection, delivered at the Red-Lion, at Barnet, and there acted upon. General Este's motive for being clear on this point, is, that the paper was written by Mr. Wharton, at the Red-Lion, for the special purpose of General Este's using it, in case an interview between him and General Burton's second should take place, before the parties went to the ground; and such an interview did take place. It might also be adverted to in the field; but to that General Este will not speak decidedly; nor, in his opinion, is the identical spot material, as the conduct of General Burton, on the occasion, is admitted, as Captain Clitherow states that he totally rejected the terms of it.

"General Este cannot charge his memory with Mr. Wharton's having used the words, "It is but too true;" and which General Este does not think to be material, as the fact to which they allude, viz. Mr. Wharton's Letter to one of his constituents (Mr. Lundy) denying the existence of a coalition between him and General Burton—is fully established; Mr. Wharton having immediately after he had written that letter, transmitted a copy of it to General Burton, and on which copy Gen. Burton grounded his reflections on Mr. Wharton's conduct.

"General Este, cannot, for a moment, doubt, that General Burton was the first in the proposal of shaking hands; and Captain Clitherow must recollect his admission of the fact, in the presence of Mr. Wharton, at the last meeting between Captain Clitherow and General Este, on Wednesday last, in Portland-street. In confirmation of the fact itself, General Este has to observe, it was the very circumstance that fixed his mind, until then undecided, on the advice he was to give.

"General Este does not recollect any qualification, by General Burton, at the time of offering hands; General Este regarding the circumstance as an unreserved and complete reconciliation."

I have now, Mr. Editor, to apologize for having so long intruded upon the Public with a circumstance, which I from the first regarded

garded as wholly of a private nature; and, therefore, not calculated for public discussion; and which I never should have engaged in, but from the motive stated in my former publication.

CHAS. WM. ESTE.

Portland-street, Dec. 6, 1806.

THE AMERICANS v. ANACREON MOORE.

From the Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald, Virginia, Sept. 9, 1806.

Thomas Moore's Epistles, Odes, and other Poems.

THE good people of Virginia may remember, that some time since this little cock-sparrow of a songster came hopping across the Atlantic, to sing his amours in the wilds of America. As we had seen nothing of the kind so chirping and so light, he was much noticed and admired, and every one was delighted to hear this little bird *chirrup* his Greek. He could make rhymes on any and on every little thing:—A nose, an eye, a cheek, a curl, a lip, the tip of an ear, a little fly, a flea, or a gnat's *toe-nail*, enchanted him. He looked like a being born in a jelly glass, handed round on a cake, fed on sugar plums, and educated among the dreams of fancy. The *little spirit* could hide himself under a lady's eye-lash, and expire with delight. In his odes, he gets into a million of scrapes—jumps from a tendril, hides in a curl, sips from a lip, perches on a bosom, tumbles from a tucker; gets on the edge of many a precipice, without falling *over*, and to the mouths of dreadful caverns without tumbling *in*—Always singing, sighing, and evaporating—one would think he had a thousand souls charged with his electric fancy, each ready to fly, without any other contact than the *atmosphere* of a *dulcinea!*

America, it seems, afforded this pretty fellow many of these visionary delights, and he had many opportunities of dying *inexpressibly* at Bermuda. But the little ingrate no sooner gets home than he begins to abuse us. In a note to his poems he says—

The women of Bermuda are not generally handsome; but they have an affectionate languor in their look, which is interesting; they have a predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island are not very civilized; and the old philosophers who imagined, that after this life men would be changed into moles, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated in Bermuda.

Of William and Mary College, Virginia, which has produced many distinguished men in science, Mr. Moore says—

This College gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. The contempt for the elegancies of education is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The levelling system is applied to education, and has all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive *equality of ignorance.*

He then—in defiance of the Bishop—rails at the morals also of this place. Of poor Norfolk, which is the threshold over which all travellers stumble, he says—

 Norfolk,

Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfortunate specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time that we arrived the Yellow Fever had not quite disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is in truth a most disagreeable place; and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in *dogs*, in *negroes*, and in *democrats*.

If there be any truth in these remarks of Moore, we ought to pity him, instead of being angry with him: for he was so near to the ground that every odour assailed him with double effect; and he had such microscopic eyes, that he could see worms in the fairest face. But he could neither see any thing large, or write on any subject that required a capacious mental survey. He used to ask, "where were our poets? had we any? we had scarcely one *songster* among us!" He was afraid to look at that terrible Trumbull*, with his "sword trenchant." Dwight's† ode voice was too strong to whisper imbecilities to the flaxen-ear locks of ideal beauty. Barlow would have rolled him in one corner of *Manco Capae's* white robe‡, to screen his frail form from the warring winds of the Andes; and Humphreys || would have set him adrift in a little toy ship to sing to the fishes in the waters of the Western World. But all these adventures, Moore, from the peculiar structure of his eyes, happily avoided; and he is still hastily flying from lip to lip, with his wings all dripping from the honey pot of Anacreon, and his bill full of sweetmeats for the pretty cuckoos of poetry.

EXTRAORDINAY PERIL AND EXTRICATION.

MR. EDITOR,

READING in your Magazine for October last, page 36, the hair-breadth escape of a traveller at Chepstow, it brought to my remembrance an almost similar, but more singular case at a bridge over the river Usk, near Caerlon, in Wales. This bridge is formed of wood, on a similar construction, and for the same reason, as that of Chepstow; the tide at each place rising occasionally to the incredible height of fifty or sixty feet. The boards which compose the flooring of this bridge, being designedly loose, in order to float with the tide when it exceeds a certain height, and prevented from escaping only by little pegs at the end of them, do not afford a very safe footing for the traveller; and some awkward accidents have been known to arise from this cause. A singular adventure occurred about twenty years ago,

* Author of a Poem intituled Mac Fingal.

† The conquest of Canaan by this Author had its admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

‡ See Barlow's Tour to the top of the Andes, in the vision of Columbus.

|| See Humphreys' description and prospect of the Western World.

ago, to a female, as she was passing it at night.

The heroine in question was a Mrs. Williams, she had been to spend a cheerful evening at a neighbour's house on the eastern side of the river, and was returning home, I presume, at a decent hour, and in a decorous state. The night being extremely dark, she had provided herself with a lanthorn and candle, by the assistance of which she found her way towards the bridge, and had already passed part of the dangerous structure; when about *half seas over*, however, (don't mistake my meaning) she unfortunately trod on a plank that had by some accident lost the tenons originally fixed to the ends of it, and had slipped from its proper situation; the faithless board yielded to the weight of the good lady, who, I understand was rather corpulent, and carried her throught the flooring with her candle and lanthorn into the river. Fortunately, at the moment of falling she was standing in such a position as gave her a seat on the plank, similar to that of a horseman on his nag. It may be easily imagined that Mrs. Williams must have been somewhat surprised by this change of situation, as well as alteration of element. Blessed, however, with a large share of that presence of mind, or patient endurance of evil, which exalts the female character so far above her own, the good lady was not overwhelmed by her fall, and steadily maintained her seat on the board; taking care, at the same time, to preserve her candle lighted, rightly supposing it would serve as an index to any one who might be able or willing to assist her. Thus, bestriding the plank, our heroine was hurried down the river towards Newport, the bridge of which, she trusted, would stop her progress, or its inhabitants be alarmed with her cries. In both her hopes, however, she was disappointed, the rapidity of a spring-tide sent her through the arch with the velocity of an arrow discharged from the bow, and the good people of the town had long been wrapt in slumber. Thus situated, her prospect became each moment more desperate, her candle was nearly extinguished, and every limb so benumbed with cold, that she had the greatest difficulty in *keeping her saddle*. Already had she reached the mouth of the Usk, and was on the point of encountering the turbulent waves of the Bristol Channel, when the master of a fishing-boat, who was returning from his nightly toils, discovered the gleaming of her taper, and hearing her calls for assistance, though he at first thought her a witch, ventured to approach this floating wonder, and brought Mrs. Williams safely to the shore in his boat. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. J. B.

THE

FIRST VISIT TO VAUXHALL GARDENS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAD often promised myself a visit to this far-famed place of amusement, and as often had some occurrence disappointed me. But it was on the birth-night of His Royal Highness the Duke of York that my wish was gratified, when

"At length, the finish'd garden to the view,
Its vistas open'd, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders.

The

The lamps around the orchestra were diffusing their enchanting radiance, as I entered, and Mrs. Bland was singing in her usual fascinating manner, " The Shepherd of Fifty."—Though not one fourth part of the company who surrounded her could possibly hear the song, yet her person and her gestures were so pleasingly displayed, that she never failed to gladden her audience. The illuminated weather-cock, which kept in constant motion, and surmounted the letters D. Y. had a lively and beautiful effect. The trees which surrounded the orchestra were in their highest state of verdure, the vast profusion of lamps rendered every leaf transparent, and the serene state of the weather but just left sufficient air to give them an easy motion, which well accorded with the enchanting airs of the musical band; indeed no one could be otherwise than happy.

But in the midst of those cheerful and beautiful faces which every where met the eye, it was natural for me, a solitary stranger, to wish for the presence of some familiar friend, who might partake with me the joys of this new creation.

In another part of the gardens, I observed a number of people leaning over a railing which separated us from a wild and romantic spot; they were observing a group of figures which appeared seated round a table, on which, with other things, stood a burning taper, which by its distance from us, made it doubtful whether those figures which we saw, were placed there for our entertainment or their own; some maintaining that it was only an artificial device, representing *banditti dividing their booty*, placed there to correspond with the hermitage, a short distance from it; and as for the motion of their heads and elbows, it was thought, might be produced by clock-work, or some such machinery. But we all continued divided in our opinion, till one of our company threw an orange at the objects of dispute, which was quickly answered with a volley of oaths, bones, and stale crusts; at the same time our assailants rising up, discovered to us a company of old women, the wives of waiters, dish-washers, &c. who previous to our attack had been quietly regaling in this secluded place, on the savoury remnants which they had procured; and we, having had sufficient demonstration of their being flesh and blood, departed highly diverted at our discovery, and their discomposure.

The bell now ringing for the exhibition of the famous cascade, I was hurried along by the rushing crowd, but to no purpose, for every station which commanded a view had been previously occupied, and my not being very lofty in stature, left me only the chance of seeing those who saw the sight.

But to compensate for this disappointment, I took care to be among the foremost, when the display of fire-works was announced. They were indeed magnificent and astonishing, and as well as other expensive parts of the Gala entertainment, deservedly entitle the proprietors to all the encouragement which a liberal public have given.

I next directed my course to where the charming airs of the Pandean minstrels invited me. These performers were seated in a kind of circus or pavilion, richly decorated with arms and standards, in honour of different English heroes, and with the emblems of the four quarters of the globe. I had entered

tered the garden with strict, and indeed with very necessary resolves of economy; and in this very agreeable place, I had the good fortune to get a seat for nothing; for the proprietors had taken due care that as the others should only be placed where the suppers were so invitingly spread, that to take a seat would be to take a supper. But the luxury of the ears and eyes was here abundantly provided for. Though the satisfaction I felt was a little damped by the significant glances of the fair fashionables who were here promenading, and who seemed to request of me a seat, which I was too weary to part with speedily. I was highly delighted with the numerous select parties who were footing it on the smooth sod, to the different tunes which were alternately played in different parts of this fairy land; to me it was all new and all bewitching. But by none of those merry groups was I so much attracted as by one composed of a cheerful well-bred family, whose movements in the dance were so easy and graceful, that I seemed transfixed to the spot for ever.—And when the music ceased to play, the old couple challenged their children to renew the sport when the pipe and tabor should again announce the opportunity; every by-stander appeared to feel an interest in their happiness, and encouraged this proposal with several hearty claps.

I now resolved to return home, and in pulling out my watch, I was not a little surprised to find myself in the midst of those gay thousands, at two o'clock in the morning.

But before I quitted this charming place, perhaps for ever, I took another turn to the transparent hermitage, which is a device that undoubtedly does much credit to the artists and the proprietors; and afterwards, being well satisfied with my three-shilling entertainment I set out, and reached my home in safety. Your's, &c.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.

December 6, 1806.

ROBIN'S GHOST.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS one night sitting pensively by the fire expecting my master's return, and counting the clock as it struck twelve, when a fluttering noise, accompanied with a pale blue flame, which issued from a corner of the room, drew my attention and alarmed my fears. I am Robin's Ghost,—said a soft plaintive voice. That Robin which you have barbarously starved to death! My spirit is now to become a part of your's, and as a punishment for your inhumanity I am permitted to assume no other shape than that of your conscience. Ah Susan! Susan! was my attempt to seek shelter in an old shed, such a crime as to deserve such a death? or why did you beg me of the carpenter's apprentice when he was going to wring off my head? his punishment to me would have been clemency when compared with your cruelty. Imagine yourself confined in a small prison destitute of all consolation from those of your own kind; bemoaning your want of food, to those who neither knew your language nor listened to your lamentations, and who were every day more intent on cleaning the dust from their own apartment, than in throwing a crumb into your's; imagine this, Susan, and you will have some conception

conception of my former sufferings! The voice all this while seemed to increase in tone, and now concluded like a clap of thunder! which terrified and awoke me.

I found the dead Robin lying by me on the table where I had left it, after taking it from the cage; the candle just gleaming from the socket, and my master knocking loudly at the street door, quite out of patience.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL,
December 6, 1806.

STEWARDS FOR RACES.

Appointed for 1807.

MALTON.—Colonel Childers and Richard Watt, Esq.—Mr. James Young, Clerk of the Course.

Catterick-Bridge.——Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. and John Trotter, Esq.—Mr. Ferguson, Clerk.

Northallerton.—Francis Hartley and George Treacher, Esqrs.—Mr. Walton, Clerk.

Penrith.—J. D. B. Dykes and C. F. Fetherstonehaugh, Esqrs.—Mr. W. Atkinson, Clerk.

Goodwood.—J. L. Newnham, Esq.—Mr. Thomas Grant, Clerk.

Salisbury.—T. Grove, Esq.

Bridgenorth.—J. P. Pelham and Edward Cludde, Esqrs.—Mr. Richard Dukes, Clerk.

Ascot-Heath.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle.—Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Reading.—Sir Morris Ximenes and T. H. Earle, jun. Esqr.—Mr. J. Becher, Clerk.

Stamford.—General Grosvenor and C. Noel, Esq.—Mr. Robert Saile, Clerk.

Abingdon.—John Phillips and ——— Cumberbatch, Esqrs.

Durham.—Brooke Richmond, Esq. Henry Witham, Esq. and the Mayor of Durham.—Mr. Robert Bone, Clerk.

Newbury.—The Earl of Craven and M. Montague, Esq.

Ludlow.—Panton Corbet, Esq. Mr. John Hickman, Clerk.

Lichfield.—G. W. Vernon and R. E. Heathcote, Esqrs.

Leicester.—Lord Robert Manners.—Mr. Oliver, Clerk.

Southampton.—Thomas Meyrick and John Willis, Esqrs.

Lincoln.—Hon. G. Pelham and R. Cracroft, Esq.—Mr. John Drury, Clerk.

Oswestry.—Lord Clive and F. R. Price, Esq.

Egham.—Sir William Gibbons, Bart. and J. Ludwick Grant, Esq. Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Bodmin.—Lord De Dunstanville and J. B. Trevanion, Esq.—Mr. John Wallis, Clerk.

Wrexham.—Francis R. Price and Richard Puleston, Esq.

Northampton.—Hon. E. Bouverie, Hon. S. Percival, and J. Plomer Clarke, Esq.—Mr. H. Wright, Clerk.

RUZIO.

THE following is a verbatim copy of the extraordinary and very singular Pedigree of Mr. Thompson's celebrated ass, Ruzio, which was received with him when he was imported into England, from Spain:—

"To cover this season, 1761, at Sheriff-Hutton, near York, at 5gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom; the famous Ruzio, 15 hands high, four years old, of a fine light grey colour: His

His blood is as follows, viz.—RUZIO was got by *Senhior*, a noted Ass of Don Alphonso Rodriguez de Alcazar's; which *Senhior* was got by *Don*, belonging to the Duke de Medina Cœlis, got by *Bravado*, Philip the Fourth's favourite State Ass; whose sire was Pope Innocent's *Pad;* whose grandsire was Sancho Pança's *Dapple*, got by *Xeriff*, which was sent to Isabella of Spain, by Roxana, favourite Sultana to Abderamen, King of Morocco, and got by Osman the Great's SULTAN, who was got by *Ottoman*, an Ass belonging to Omar; whose sire was *Medina*, that carried the Prophet Mahomet to Mecca; whose sire was Semiramis's *Priapus;* whose grandsire was Nebuchadnezzar's *Bell;* and his great grandsire was Balaam's *Nameless;* whose great great grandsire came with Noah out of the Ark.

*** "The foals of *Ruzio's* get, only one year old, are near fourteen hands high, and very strong and beautiful.—To be seen in the stable yard next the Red Lion, at Monk-Bar, York.

"N. B. Gentlemen who chuse to have mares covered by RUZIO, the sooner they send them the better."

RUZIO covered several seasons in the neighbourhood of York, and was sire of a great many very valuable mules.—A gentleman of Bedale refused twenty guineas for one of his get, when only half a year old.

THE DRAMA.

TEKELI.

THIS new melo-drama, in three acts, entitled "Tekeli; or, the Siege of Montgatz," was produced at Drury-Lane, Monday, Nov. 24.

The scene is laid in Hungary.

Count Tekeli having been oppressed by the Emperor, is driven into the castle of Montgatz, whence he escapes to Turkey, in hopes of assistance from the Grand Signior; he leaves the fortress in the care of Alexina, his wife, who withstands, for some months, all the attacks of the Imperialists, but at length her stores being nearly consumed, she is on the point of surrendering, when the piece opens, and Tekeli, attended by his friend Wolf, reach the forest near Montgatz; here they are found, fatigued and nearly worn out, by Isidore and some peasants, who convey them to the Mill of Keber, being disguised as peasants themselves; Conrad, the honest miller, receives them warmly, and promises them every comfort; a detachment of guards arriving, Tekeli discovers himself to the miller, at the moment a great reward is offered for his head, when Conrad, retaining his promise, conceals the Prince. The whole second act consists in stratagems, contrived by him and Wolf, to get Tekeli into the castle, which at length they succeed in, and he is carried over the Torza in a sack. Count Caraffa, the Austrian General, arriving at the mill soon after, Conrad discloses the whole to him; is arrested and carried off. The third act discovers Alexina on the point of surrendering; her council assembled; an Austrian officer informs her that Tekeli is their prisoner: she remains undismayed, and a few moments assure her she was right. Tekeli's name resounds through the castle, he clasps her to his heart, and gives orders to make sallies on the enemy; his appearance re-animates the troops, and the piece ends with a grand engagement of the armies, and the defeat of Caraffa and the Imperialists. This, and the simple loves of Isidore and Christine;

Christine; the villany of a peasant, who wishes to give up the prince; and some incidents during his concealment in the mill, form the plot of the piece.

This piece is a translation by Mr. Hook, jun. and adapted by him to the English stage. The interest is supported with much ingenuity through the whole performance.—The music is pretty, and well adapted to the action. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful; and the author is much indebted to Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Decamp, and Miss Duncan, for their great exertions in his favour. The dialogue abounds with loyal and noble sentiments.—We never saw a piece receive more unbounded applause. It has been many times performed, and continues a great favourite with the town.

MR. H********.—A FARCE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE air of mystery produced by the title of this new Farce, had the effect of attracting a very numerous audience. Before the rising of the curtain, and for some time after, many conjectures were formed respecting the name; and a few of the spectators were disposed to concur with some of the characters of the piece, in the supposition that he must turn out to be no other than the Prince of Hesse in disguise.

However, as it turns out, the cause of the mystery is, that Mr. H—— is ashamed of his name.—The concealment brings him into many awkward predicaments; but he resolves to persevere, lest the discovery should occasion the loss of his mistress Mellesinda. Unfortunately, however, while relating an anecdote in a brilliant circle at Bath, where the scene lies, he forgets himself, and discovers that his name is Hogsflesh. He then loses his popularity, and is likely to lose his mistress; but his Majesty having graciously given him permission to change his name to Bacon, he is in some measure relieved from his embarrassment.

The idea might certainly have afforded matter for a laughable entertainment, as it may be easily conceived that the fear of discovery might have brought Mr. H—— into many awkward situations; and his excessive irritability respecting his name, occasioned much ludicrous conversation. The author has not by any means made so much of it as he might have done. At the same time he certainly did not entirely fail; for the horror of Mr. H—— at his own name, and his embarrassments from the eager curiosity to discover it, was tolerably supported. But there were defects in the piece which justified a part of the disapprobation which it experienced towards the close.—The chief of these were, first, the excessive length to which the puns on the name were carried, after the discovery; and secondly, the want of prominent characters. His mistress is told by her maid, that although he was a *hog* in name, he was not one in nature; and that he neither *grunted* nor *squeaked* the more. His landlord tells him, that he hopes he will not leave the *Blue-Boar;* that he has carried his *pigs* to a fine market; and that he cannot make a silk purse out of a *sow's* ear. Even the change of his name from *Hogsflesh* to *Bacon,* is a pun. This excessive punning produced disgust, rather than laughter.

The only character of any consequence is Mr. H—— himself, and

and he unfortunately is not managed so, as to enable him to support completely the interest of the piece. The unexpected change of name seemed to shock, from its improbability, there being no intimation of any steps having been taken to produce that event; and the pun attached to it rather increased the disgust. The conclusion, too, was exceedingly tame and ill-managed. If, however, the most obnoxious of the puns were struck out, and a more interesting concluding scene devised, the piece might be tolerable. Certainly, even as it is, more insipid farces have been endured, and the dissatisfaction with which it was received, was greater than the occasion called for. A considerable number, however, declared in its favour, when it was given out for a second representation.

Mr. Elliston did full justice to Mr. H——, and Miss Mellon gave all the interest of which it was susceptible, to the character of Melesinda; the other characters were not worth notice.

The Prologue*, delivered by Mr. Elliston, was much applauded.

* See our Poetical department.

ARBITRATION.——A FARCE.

Covent Garden, Dec. 10.

THE law, the origin of so many intrigues, is the fictitious foundation on which the plot of this piece is constructed. Sir Toby Tritely and Lady Litigious, after several years of legal contest respecting their right to a corn mill and premises in the neighbourhood, at length agree to refer it to the arbitration of Jack Familiar, a young barrister; and each party, by indirect means, endeavours to bias the arbitrator in their favour.—Sir Toby invites him to spend the summer at his house in Dorsetshire, which invitation the young barrister accepts, greatly to the mortification of Sir Toby, who secretly wishes to seclude all visitors, until he has forced his ward, Miss Harriet Seymour, then confined in his house, to a marriage with Mr. Thoro, a proctor. Jack discovers the confinement of the young lady, and sets her free. Harriet, disguised in naval uniform, takes shelter in a public-house, the sign of the "Worlds-End," kept by Mr. Chequer, who had formerly been a surgeon and apothecary—discovering her sex, she inflames the jealous temper of Mrs. Chequer, who gives her to understand that her Guardian and Mr. Thoro are then in the house, and insinuates that she will deliver her up to them. Mr. Chequer takes the fugitive under his protection, and conducts her to the house of Lady Litigious, who dismisses him, intending to deliver up Miss Harriet to Mr. Thoro. Jack Familiar being invited to Lady Litigious's house, on his way there, meets Mr. Chequer, from whom he learns what has just passed. On reading the will under which the disputing parties claim, he discovers, that neither her Ladyship nor Sir Toby are entitled; and in order to save Miss Harriet from a bad husband, and to free her from further persecution, offers her his hand, which she accepts. The parties having met for his award, he decrees the estate in question to belong to Mr. Chequer, to the great disappointment of her Ladyship and Sir Toby.

There is a considerable degree of humour in this piece, and the story is well developed. The actors too, exerted themselves with the hap-

piest effect, and that contributed greatly to its success. Lewis, Blanchard, and Liston, were greatly applauded. Two humorous songs by Miss Tyrer, and one by Liston, were encored. This farce is likely to prove a favourite with the public. It was well received throughout, and was announced for repetition with the general approbation of a genteel and very numerous audience.

WILD OXEN AND WILD DOGS, AT BUENOS AYRES.

THIS fertile province is remarkable for two kinds of wild animals, wild oxen and wild dogs.

"The number of wild oxen here is so great, that every year 100,000 are killed solely for the sake of their hides. About twenty hunters on horseback proceed to the spots where these animals are known to herd, having in their hands a long stick shod with iron, very sharp, with which they strike the ox that they pursue, on one of the hind legs; and they make the blow so adroitly, that they almost always cut the sinews in two above the joint. The animal soon afterwards falls, and cannot rise again. The hunters, instead of stopping, pursue the other oxen at full gallop, with the reins loose, striking in the same manner all which they overtake; thus eighteen or twenty men will with ease fell 7 or 800 oxen in one hour.—When they are tired of the exercise, they dismount to rest, and afterwards, without danger, knock on the head the oxen which they have wounded. After taking the skin, and sometimes the tongue and suet, they leave the rest for the birds of prey."

"Wild Dogs.—These ferocious animals have descended from some of the domestic kinds that have formerly gone astray, and have multiplied to an excessive degree in the countries near Buenos Ayres. They live under ground in holes, which may be easily discovered by the quantity of bones heaped round them. It may be with propriety supposed, that some time or other, when the wild oxen are destroyed, so that the dogs cannot obtain them, they will fall upon men. One of the governors of Buenos Ayres thought this subject so well worth his attention, that he sent some soldiers to destroy the wild dogs, and they killed a great number of them with their muskets. But on their return, they were insulted by the women and children of the town, who are very insolent; they called them *mataperros*, which means dog killers: whence it has happened, that the men, disheartened by a false shame, have never returned to that kind of hunting."

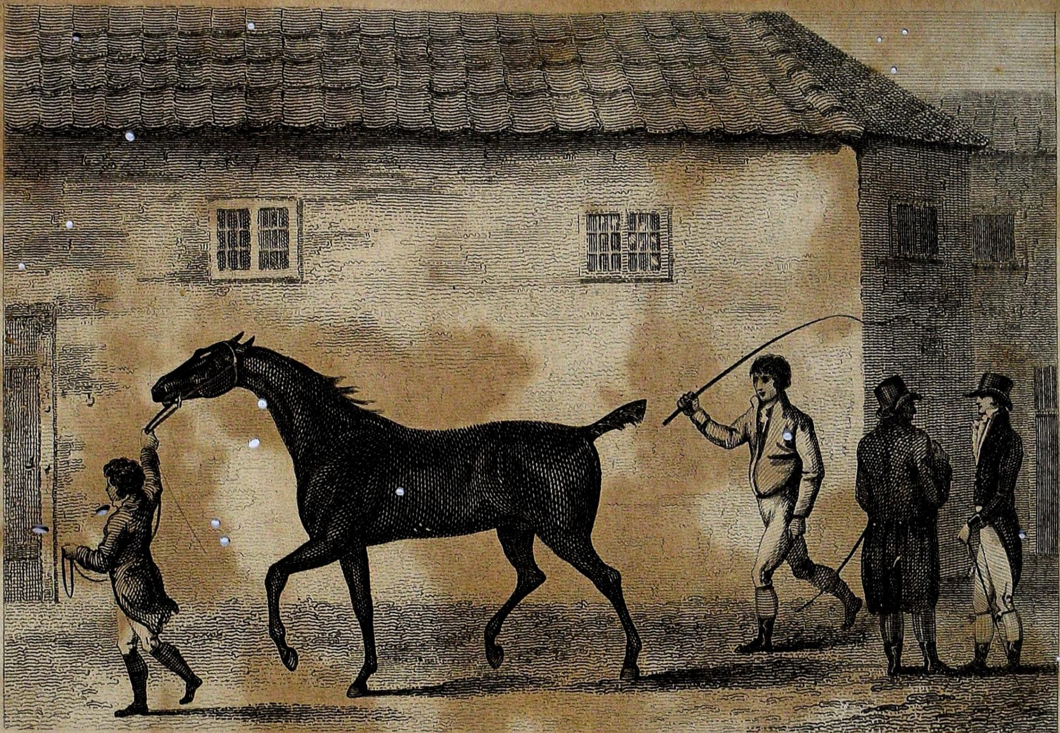
SHOWING A HORSE.

An Etching.

From a drawing by the Younger Sartorius.

AS this subject requires but little amplification, we need only say, that in the sale of a horse the dealer generally exhibits it to the best advantage, and never lets the horse go without an excellent character, and that sometimes whether the animal deserves it or not. It however must in justice be allowed, that there are dealers of the present day, who find it to their interest not to deceive their customers, and will unquestionably furnish a good horse for a good price.—Witness your Spencers, your Halls, and many others at both ends of the town.

SPORTING



Shewing a Horse.

Pub. Jan 1, 1807 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Mr. John Hutchinson's favourite Stallion, Beningbrough, was lately purchased by his daughter Miss Mary Hutchinson, for 500gs. He will cover the ensuing season at Skipton, near York, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom. His pedigree and performances will be given in our next.

THE celebrated running Horse, Haphazard, will cover the ensuing season at Raby-Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, at 9gs a mare, and one guinea the groom.—His pedigree and performances will also be given in our next.

THERE is an uncommon number of Sweepstakes and Subscriptions open for 1807 and the succeeding years, of various descriptions, and for which the nominations are expected to be very numerous. The greatest part of them closing on the 1st of January, we shall present our readers with an account of them in our next number.

THE following Matches, &c. were run at Malton, in the Coursing Meeting week :—

Wednesday.——Mr. Knowsley's hunter, by Grog, (rode by Mr. Tatton Sykes) beat the Hon. M. B. Hawke's hunter, by Grog, (rode by Mr. Lascelles) carrying 12st each, three miles, 50gs.

Saturday.—Hon. M. B. Hawke's hunter, by Quetlavaca, beat Mr. Burton's two hunter's, two matches, rode by the Owners, 13st. 7lb. each, two miles.

And a Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, for hunters, two miles, was won by Sir F. Boynton's hunter, Bright Phœbus, by Windlestone, 12st. 5lb.

CALEDONIAN HUNT.——At a meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, held at Edinburgh the 9th instant, present—

Earl of Elgin
Earl of Dalhousie
Earl of Dalkeith
Lord Belhaven
Lord Archibald Hamilton
Sir Jo. Heron Maxwell
Sir Wm. A. Cunnyngham
Sir Cha. Douglas
Sir John Hope
Sir Wm. Erskine
Wm. M'Dowall, Esq.
R. D. M'Queen, Esq.
General Wemyss
George Ramsey, Esq.
Wm. Wemyss, Esq.
Robert Hay, Esq.
Wm. Hagart, Esq. Secretary,

They fixed their Annual Meeting to be held next October at Ayr; and elected the following officers for the ensuing year—

Wm. M'Dowall, Esq. Preses.
Sir Wm. Erskine, Treasurer.
Sir J. H. Maxwell, } Councillors
J. A. Thomson, Esq. }
R. D. M'Queen, Esq. }

ON Friday the 21st ult. Lieutenant Cole's chesnut mare by Waxy, aged, 10st. (rode by the Owner) beat Mr. Jackson's chesnut horse by Quetlavaca, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (rode by Lord Pollington) two miles, over Pontefract Course, 50gs. They made excellent running for about one mile and a quarter, when the horse had apparently somewhat the advantage;

advantage; but soon after he suddenly tired, and could not support a canter; consequently the mare won easily.—On the day preceding this race, the above two ran three miles, the mare carrying 10st. and the horse, 11st.——For the particulars see our last Mag. p. 91.

The Prince has presented Col. Leigh, his Secretary, with the elegant house belonging to his Royal Highness at Newmarket. The Colonel is furnishing it in a most tasteful manner, for the reception of his intended bride.

Sporting Leap.—Robert Marris, Esq. of Louth, being out with the hare-hounds, in the last week in November, leaped his cropped horse over a four-rail fence and a drain. The company caused the leap to be measured, which was found to be eight yards eight inches.——The horse performed it in a canter with the greatest ease, though the beat was up hill.

The Duke of Brunswick's collection of hunting and fowling pieces, which cost him near a million of marcs, was sold for a trifle by the first French detachment which entered Brunswick. Guns really worth from five to ten pounds, sold for no more than a couple of crowns.

Last month died, aged sixty-two, Mr. Matthew Jackson, huntsman to G. Lane Fox, Esq. of Bramham Park. He was upwards of twenty years a celebrated whipper-in under Mark Beauchamp, huntsman to the late Lord Darlington, at Raby-Castle, and at Houndhill, and has, in these capacities, followed the chase half a century, from the age of twelve.

On Saturday, the 13th inst. Mr. Thomas Jewell, one of his Majesty's yeomen prickers, was seized with a pain in his stomach, while hunting, near the King's dog-kennel, where he went for refreshment, and expired in about half an hour.

We are concerned to state, that, as Benjamin Burton, Esq. of Walcot, near Lincoln, was lately returning from hunting with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds, his horse fell with him near Castor Angles, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable distance, and had his skull fractured. However, having undergone the operation of the trepan, we are now happy to to find he is in a fair way of recovery.

It is said that, by a decree of the Lord Chancellor, the Chateau of Thornville Royal has been transferred back to Col. Thornton, who is thereby directed to return the deposit-money, amounting to 10,000l. Among the items in the Colonel's sporting sale, there is said to be—"To 20 couple of high-blooded fox-hounds, 2000 guineas.—*Morning Papers*.

Lately a partridge flew through a pane of glass, in the window of Mr. John Hunter, spirit merchant in North Shields, and perched upon a cask of rum. The bird was taken unhurt; and after being fed for a few days, it was set at liberty.

An extraordinary discovery was lately made by Mr. Wm. Collins, farrier, in the sufferings of a horse, the property of Mr. G. Stevenson, of Maidstone, which died of the stone, after having lingered a considerable time in excruciating agony. Mr. Collins, on opening the animal, extracted seventeen stones, the largest of which weighed twenty-six ounces and a half; and the gross weight of the whole amounted to seven pounds three ounces.

THE

The immortal Shaw, huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, to the great joy of the sporting world, is recovered from his severe indisposition, and again took the field on Tuesday the 9th inst. when the hounds had the quickest and sharpest touch across Belvoir Vale ever known; he rode in great spirits, and killed his fox in a masterly stile. Desperate work among men and horses! Mr. Tom Smith, who is the life and soul of the Belvoir Castle party, and who enlivens and engages as much in the field among the men, as he endears himself in the circles of the fairer part of the creation, was, as usual, conspicuously first, jealously contesting the lead with Mr. Lindau, and risking every thing to maintain it, until his famous horse Lazarus, being much blown, tipped a gate, by which Mr. Smith got a most severe fall; but riding in a cap, and falling luckily upon his head, he was not hurt. Mr. Lindau, his rival, then took the lead, and kept it.—Messrs. Forrester, Cholmondeley, Mellish, General Grosvenor, Counts Palfie, and de Brummell, were of the party, and rode like devils.

Sporting extraordinary.—One day during the present month, a fine field of sportsmen, amounting to about seventy, went out with the Croydon harriers. The dogs soon came upon a fine fresh scent, which they ran breast high near twenty miles, without ever being at fault. The sportsmen were confident they were in chase of a strong fox, and enjoyed the sport exceedingly.—Three horses fell dead from excessive fatigue. At last the dogs ran in upon their prey, which proved to be a drag, made of a piece of hay, with a piece of bacon, rubbed with oil of anniseed. This trick is attributed to a jealousy between the gentlemen of the regular fox-hounds and those of the harriers, the latter having lately drawn the covers on the day when the earth was stopped for the fox-hounds. It is understood to have been carried into effect by three men, stationed at about fifteen miles asunder, who dragged this bait across the country, relieving each other.

Lord Darlington's Fox-hounds. On Monday, December 1, the Earl of Darlington's fox-hounds met at Langton, at half past eleven o'clock. His Lordship, in going to cover, had seen a fox crossing the plantations towards the gardens; the hounds were very soon afterwards laid on, and, after a little cold hunting, went off at score. For one hour and thirty-five minutes, they had a continued burst, but unfortunately ran to ground at Watlass-Whin, an unstopped cover. The distance they went, from point to point, was nearly twelve miles; and the whole run may be moderately computed at not less than seventeen miles. From Langton he made for Yafforth; turned to the right to Thrintoft; back again towards Langton; crossed the Swale river (bank-full) to Scruton; through Mr. Jackson's nurseries to Blow-Houses; passed the Leasowes, over Askew new-inclosed common, down to Askew village; over the brook to Bedale to the right, towards Crake Hall; over Mr. Peirse's park, and through his plantations to Ask-Bank; passed Thorp and Watlass, and ran to ground at Watlass-Whin. From a very numerous field of sportsmen, the only gentlemen in at the end were the following:—Lord Darlington, upon Lady-Killer; Mr. Shaftoe, upon Regulus; Mr. R. Lascelles, upon Stop-Thief; Mr. C. Parker, upon Pat; and Mr. Strickland, upon Highwayman.—

James

James Gray and Wm. Richardson, two of the whippers-in, upon Morden and Hinton.

For straight forward running, and hard pressing, this chase was certainly never surpassed, and but seldom equalled: a stouter, or a more game fox was never unkennelled; and a steadier pack of hounds never "pour'd their speed into the rapid game."

Happy indeed, in this renowned chase,
Were they who took and kept a forward place;
No truant fear their hearts could e'er appal,
They scorn'd alike a scramble or a fall:
'Twas joy supreme that strung each boy and breast,
And manly vigour each alarm suppress'd.

Mr. Riccaby's hounds, of Burlington Quay, have had some remarkably good runs this season, and killed in a very capital style.

Mr. Watt's, and Sir M. Masterman Sykes's Fox-hounds.—These hounds had five most brilliant days this month. Monday's chase, from Mr. Crompton's Whin, was one of the best specimens of real hunting that almost ever was seen; after running an hour in covert, the fox broke away over the Forest, which he twice crossed, and was killed, after a hard run of two hours and five minutes from his leaving the covert.—Tuesday was a bye-day, when the young hounds afforded good diversion.—On Wednesday, they threw off at Mr. Croft's plantations, below Stillington, where they found immediately, and went away in a most capital style, beating all the horses, and killing their fox in forty minutes from the time of his breaking covert: they afterwards found again, and had another most excellent run of an hour and a quarter, and killed.—On Thursday the young hounds shewed very good diversion, running their fox a killing pace for near two hours, and would have killed him, but being late when they found, night came on, and obliged the keen sportsmen reluctantly to call away.—Friday, they did not find till they got to Dalby Wood, whence they went away and killed their fox in twenty minutes without a check. The hounds are now going into Holderness and the neighbourhood of Beverley for a month, and should the weather continue open, there is no doubt of their showing most capital sport.

Lord Derby, on Tuesday, the 16th instant, turned out his favourite Lancashire deer, well known by the gentlemen attending his Lordship's Hunt, at Caterham Common, which, after a most severe run of near three hours, they found *shot* in a cottage, near Moulsey, Surry. The deer being extremely fatigued, took refuge in a garden, the owner of which thought proper to shoot him, dragged him into his cottage, and was actually in the act of skinning him, when the door was broke open. The first person that entered was Mr. Charles Moreton, of Croydon, who being extremely irritated, treated the man with some violence. His Lordship was hurt beyond conception. The man, we understand, is in custody. This was the third year of the deer's being hunted, and he seldom ran less than thirty miles. He went very often from the Oaks, below Tunbridge Wells, Crawley, Kingston, &c.—Indeed, his Lordship esteemed him more than his whole herd.

Dr. Clarke, of Knottingley, near Pontefract, who is eminent, not only in his profession, but in the sporting world, is, with his usual spirit,

spirit, hunting a pack of lap-dog harriers, which he has purchased from Windsor. From the abundance of hares in the district, and the Doctor's judicious management of his pack, the lovers of the chase are sure of meeting with excellent diversion.—Days of hunting, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

THE Bolton hounds, on the 14th ult. pursued a hare so closely, as to compel the terror-struck animal to fly into the town, when she ran through the principal street, and sought refuge in the garden of the vicarage.—A Pythagorian believer might suppose she was instinctively running after a good *living*, but the sacredness of the spot did not restrain the profane pack: they followed, and exultingly murdered poor heart-panting puss on the hallowed soil.

THE Duke of Rutland being lately on a hunting party with his fox hounds, and the chase lying across a drain at Screddington, near Sleaford, his grace with several of the sportsmen, attempted to pass the bridge, which is about 30 yards long, but the weight of four or five horses with their riders, broke it in the middle; they were all precipitated into the drain, which was of a considerable depth, and it was with some difficulty that they recovered the bank. The duke's horse finding his feet again, pursued his course with unabated ardour.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON, concluded.—Thursday. This day, November 17, a number of matches were ran up: five by Mr. Darley against Major Topham; three of which were won by the latter. In the course of this morning a challenge, given by Mr. Plumer, to start three greyhounds of his, against the whole of Major Topham's kennel, was decided as under:

Major Topham's Galliard (Derbyshire breed) beat Mr. Plumer's spotted bitch (his own breed.)

Major Topham's Blue-Boy, by Old Snowball, agst Mr. Plumer's black and white dog—undecided.

Major Topham's Young Snowdrop, by Old Snowball, beat Mr. Plumer's black and white dog.

The courses were very good ones, and the three hares were killed by Major Topham's three greyhounds.

Mr. Plumer's dogs had beat Lord Middleton's the preceding day, who exhibited a very fine stud of greyhounds, chiefly of the Nottinghamshire and Warwickshire breed, which ran extremely well and destructively.

Friday.—Some cool coursing in Settrington Field, amid continued showers of rain and snow.

The Confederate Fox-hounds threw off at Lobster House, and had a very short and bad run, owing to the very bad weather of the day.

On Saturday, three matches were run by hunters over Langton race course, and won as under:

Sir F. Boynton's Bright Phœbus (Mr. Boynton)............ 1
Mr. Treacher's Little Pickle (rode by himself).......... 2
Mr. M. Hawke's horse (rode by himself)................. 1
Mr. Burton's Gelding (rode by himself)................. 2

The same gentlemen; and won very easy by Mr. M. Hawke.

Sir Thomas Slingsby, independent of winning the cup, was a great winner of matches, and produced some very fine dogs, chiefly from the excellent breed of Mr. Mundy, whose stock is so much celebrated.

The Meeting, notwithstanding the bad weather, was a very pleasant,

sant one, and Lord Middleton had shown every attention to the accommodation of the coursing ground of Wharram.

At this meeting, two new rules were made, viz. that in future the first meeting of the year should be on the first Monday after the tenth of November, instead of the first whole week as formerly. And

2ndly, That the prize cup should always be run for the first thing on the Thursday, instead of the Tuesday.

SWAFFHAM.—This meeting commenced on Monday the 24th, in Igborough Field.—Mr. Redhead's Welsh Toy against Mr. Moseley's Butcheress, 1g and 1g bye; the latter rec. ft.

On Tuesday, at Westacre, matches for the cup—Sir William Clayton's Ursula beat Mr. Hammond's Queen. —Mr. Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr. Moseley's Bran. — Mr. Galwey's Haphazard beat Mr. F. Hammond's Ambition. — Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely.

The same day after the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine rec. ft. from Mr. Mellish's Adela, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Redhead's Lightning, 1g and 1g bye. — Mr. Lovelace's Match'em beat Mr. Redhead's Lively, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Sir W. Clayton's Una, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Redhead's Lady agst Mr. Lovelace's Mouse; undecided.—Mr. F. Hammond's Wren beat Mr. Hammond's Quick, 1g.

On Wednesday, in Cley Field, matches for the cup.—Sir W. Clayton's Ursula beat Mr. Galwey's Haphazard.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Mr. Lovelace's Maiden.

After the cup.—Mr. Lovelace's Midas beat Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses, 1g.—Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle agst Sir W. Clayton's Urania, 1g undecided.—Mr. F. Hammond's Wren beat Mr. Galwey's Hero, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Moseley's Bran beat Mr. F. Hammond's Windham, 1g and 1g bye; first turn.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Mr. Johnson's Nimrod, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Caldwell's Kitty agst Mr. Lovelace's Magic, 1g off.—Mr. Young's Vincent agst Mr. Johnson's Nobody, 1g off.

On Thursday, at Second Westacre, match for the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Sir W. Clayton's Ursula; the former won the cup.

Matches after the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Sir W. Clayton's Una, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Mouse beat Mr. Redhead's Lady, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle beat Sir W. Clayton's Urania, 1g.—Mr. Redhead's Lady beat Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses, 1g.—Mr. Lovelace's puppy beat Mr. Redhead's, 1g.

NEWMARKET.—This meeting, afforded much diversion. Matches were chiefly the Essex against the Norfolk and Suffolk dogs, and the running nearly equal. Mr. Corsellis shewed two brace of puppies against Colonel Lovelace; and Mr. P. Wright a brace against Sir P. Blake; but no superiority was adjudged, each gentleman winning and losing alternate matches.

ILSLEY.—The meeting at Ilsley, in Berkshire, was well attended, and the sport excellent. There were eight dogs entered for the cup, which, after seven severe courses, was won by Lord Rivers's Rosemary.

TROTTING

TROTTING MATCHES.

A LONG talked of match, on which large bets were depending, was decided on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at Hampton Court, between Mr. Fentum's celebrated trotting mare, and the equally celebrated Kilcade mare, now belonging to a gentleman near Finsbury-square. The match was for 200 guineas, and the distance was 16 miles from Bushy Park gate, eight miles on the Sunbury road, and back to the place of starting. The bets were freely laid at 2 to 1, and 5 to 2, on the Manchester mare, and 6 to 4 that the winner did not perform the 16 miles in an hour. At starting the Kilcade mare took the lead, followed the whole of the eight miles closely by the other. They continued together at full trotting speed until within about a mile of the coming-in spot. At Hampton, the animals were neck and neck, each striving to make play, and in the last mile the Kilcade mare broke four times into a canter, and was obliged to turn round, she having done so six times during the race, and the other four times. The Manchester mare won the race by half a minute only, having performed the 16 miles, in bad weather, in 56 minutes.

ANOTHER trotting match took place on the Bagshot road, on Wednesday, the 24th, between a bay mare, the property of Captain Ranger, and a black horse, belonging to Mr. Ray, of Newington. The distance was nine miles to and fro; and bets were five and six to four on the horse. The mare made play at starting, and broke her pace, and was turned round four times in the first mile. The horse gained an advantage, and headed her above 100 yards for about three miles, when he broke from the road, and the animals again were together. They proceeded together neck and neck, with little variation, until within the last mile, when the horse, which carried feather weight, broke again from the road, and lost the race by about seventy yards. The mare was turned round eight times, and the horse three. The distance was performed by the winner in 34 minutes and 40 seconds.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

A FEW mornings since, a young man, who is generally called by the name of *Harry the Porter*, started from the post by the Swan at Westminster Bridge, to run over the three bridges in thirty minutes. He ran over Westminster Bridge, then turned down Pedlar's Acre, by Cuper's Bridge, down the Broad wall, and over Blackfriars Bridge; along Upper Thames-street, and over London Bridge, to the Tumble-down Dick at the foot of the bridge. The time allotted was thirty minutes; he performed it in twenty-seven minutes and a half, and won all the bets with great apparent ease.

MR. J. Smallman undertook, on Sunday, the 14th inst. for a wager of ten guineas, to walk from London Bridge to Shooter's Hill, and back again, (sixteen miles) in two hours and a half. He started at half-past six, and accomplished it in two hours and twenty minutes.

THE beginning of this month, a trial of pedestrian skill took place on the road from Steyning to Horsham, which afforded much amusement to a number of spectators, and occasioned many bets. Messrs. Grindall and Colly, both Lieutenants in the Nottingham militia, were the competitors; the race was

twenty miles, viz. from Steyning to the ten-mile stone and back again, for twenty guineas. Mr. Grindall, who went over the last ten miles in an hour and a quarter, was the winner.

A FOOT race took place on the morning of the 4th instant, in the New Road, Paddington, for 50 guineas a side, between Samuel Knightley, a cow-keeper, in London-street, and Daniel Kensey, a livery-stable-keeper, in Fitzroy-sq. which was finally determined in favour of the former. At starting, bets were 6 to 4 on the latter, he being a professed runner but the race was won easy by Knightley.

BOXING.—An unexpected pugilistic contest took place at a public house in Oxenden-street, on Tuesday evening, the second instant, between Jack Ward, of fighting celebrity, and a Butcher, whose capabilities in the art consist chiefly in throwing well, and stomaching a good deal of beating, which was plentifully administered to him in the present instance. The parties had once before a contest on the stones, in which the strength of the latter prevailed, and by severe falls, his opponent was a good deal hurt. The *heroes* met again casually, at the place described, and Young Ward not being satisfied of any superiority in the fistic art, claimed indirectly by the butcher, he challenged him to fight for a sum of money; but as the latter was fond of a *belly-full* only, Ward, rather than be stigmatized at a challenge, took him at his word. The fight which followed lasted twenty minutes. In every round the science of the professional bruiser was manifested, by the severe blows the butcher received about the head; and to an ordinary spectator, it would have appeared that the butcher stood no chance. He, however, contrived generally to get into his opponent, at the end of the round, and give him a heavy fall, which system ultimately gave him the victory. Ward was so much hurt as to be carried home.

AMONG the spectators at the baiting of the Bachelor's Bull at Windsor last month, were the Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Downshire, Earl Uxbridge, Fletcher Read, Esq. most of the officers of the Stafford Militia, and a number of the young gentlemen belonging to Eton School.

A number of the most celebrated pugilists were also present; among them were Joe Ward, Will Ward, Gully, J. Belcher, Caleb Baldwin, Jacklin, and a number of others. The attendance of these professors was not merely to behold the bull-bait, but to *enjoy* a more *refined and fashionable amusement*, a pitched battle having been appointed to be fought on the Bachelor's Acre, between a fishmonger of the name of Coombe, and a butcher, both from London; but the fight was prevented by the interference of the Mayor, Charles Knight, Esq. but the amateurs of the art were not to be deprived of their amusement. They remained in Windsor during Monday night, and yesterday morning the parties, with their friends, and a great concourse of various descriptions of persons, went upon Datchet Common, when after thirty-two rounds of hard fighting, which lasted fifty-five minutes, victory was declared in favour of the fishmonger; Jacklin was his second. The butcher was seconded by Cribb. The young gentlemen raised a very liberal subscription purse for the victor.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE TO MAIDS AND BACHELORS; OR, MY HEART FOR YOUR'S,

Written by L. St. George Skeffington, Esq.
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

LET truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,
Search those conceal'd, examine those confess'd,
And meet the greatest in an author's breast.
This night is fated to an anxious bard,
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.
Though whisp'ring hopes first urg'd his trembling lyre,
Those hopes, alas! now one by one retire;
For apprehensions, crowding on his view,
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear,
The terrors thicken as the doom draws near.
The Drama's Muse should, like a Painter, trace
Each mark'd expression of the human face;
Group'd with effect, the imitated shew,
With force should strike, with animation glow;
Till, touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,
The finish'd figures from the canvas start!
Few can excel; since few can well imprint
The living lustre and the blushing tint,
Which fairly seem, when drawn from Nature's bent,
That very Nature which they represent.
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;
While lights and shades a mingling aid compose,
Soften'd by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright not glaring, though subdued not cold,
Gay without glitter, without harshness bold.
Rules still should guide, yet no restraint impart:
Art follows genius, genius governs art.
One little happiness, one careless touch,
Transcends all labours, when it serves as such:
Nature, and only Nature can inspire
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy, and the fire!
In her they live, in her their force declare,
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!
Our trembling artist, who, enslav'd by fear,
This slight sketch sends for exhibition here;
Attempts to mark, (though conscious of defect)
Contrasted passions, and combin'd effect.
If he, too daring, want the skill to reach
Those nobler lines which taste, which science teach,
Fail not to recollect, ye critic band,
That style, when mingled, asks a master's hand.
Hard is the task, with Tenier's mirth to share
Corregio's elegance, and Guido's air!
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,
His brightest tints will darken to a shade,
Like Crayons moulder, and like Fresco fade;
But should applause a happier sentence give,
Fix'd, by your smiles, the colouring will live!

☞ For an account of this Comedy, see our Magazine for June.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you may probably intend to publish the Verses of Queen Mab's Metamorphoses, that appeared in the York Herald, (and which the late Malton Coursing Meeting seems to have given rise to) as knowing the parties, I send you the Key. Your's, &c.

****

QUEEN MAB'S METAMORPHOSES.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ....

IT chanc'd, one fine night, having little to do,
Queen Mab call'd around her, her frolicsome crew:
Moth, *Cobweb*, and *Blossom*, were there to a man,
And *gay Robin Goodfellow* led up the van.

" My brisk little sprites," she began then to say,
" To the Yorkshire high Wolds you must hasten away;
" In their bottle the Lads there so dearly delight,
" They shall have enough o't this whimsical night.

" Away to their chambers, like Gossamers fly,
" And touch them all round as in slumber they lie;
" That instant a change in each shape shall be seen,
" And all become bottles, red, purple, and green.

" Nor yet have I told you the whole of my plan—
" To know them again, you must *ticket* each man;
" Describe their materials, their nature and use,
" And day-light shall shew what the labels produce."

Away flew the sprites, as light as the wind,
And *Fairyland* soon was a vast way behind.
Their journey perform'd, thro' the key-holes they crept,
And each mark'd his hero, as soundly he slept.

The charm was soon wrought, and the sprites flew away;
But oh! what a sight was there seen the next day!
For when they arose, tho' without any legs,
Each bottle had motion, and walk'd upon pegs.

All shapes, all dimensions, all colours were there,
Flat-sided, broad-shoulder'd, thick, thin, round, and square,
Some *more* than half empty, some usefully full,
Some pleasant, some acid, some brisk, and some dull.

For the Fairies, extending their Sovereign's plot,
Touch'd all who lov'd liquor, and some who did not.
The proverb rememb'ring, which says, when you know
With whom men assort, you well know what they do,

Cries one " keep aloof, or my neck you will break."
" Oh Lord," cries another, " I'm brittle and weak!"
" I'm so us'd," says a third, " to the loss of my legs,
" That I swear I can walk just as well on my pegs."

In one knot you might see a whole herd of small fry,
Who shook when a huge *Magnumbonum** came by?
His colour's a mixture of scarlet and blue,
Presenting a stout *bloody hand* to the view.

* Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. a gentleman universally respected in the East Riding of Yorkshire,

But

But what his contents?—Why, his label go read:
"A cordial who wants, may here find one in need;
"Give care to the winds! let's be merry and free,
"Here's a glass to good humour! good humour'd we'll be."

His Heir† next, you'd think, of a different strain,
Transparent and tall, as if blown for Champaign.
His label——"No liquor more quiet than I,
"*Yet when I am mounted, my lads, I can fly.*"

A *third*‡ yet remains of the same cheerful brood;
A Justice upright, and a Lecturer good;
Though now on his label appears but one line—
"*This bottle contains very generous wine.*"

A stately decanter advancing behold,
Its contents have a heart, and that heart is of gold.
But his label declares, if like gold, by his weight,
You would buy *Welham's Lord*||, you must sell your estate.

Who will dare to pronounce *Neswick's Squire*§ without merit,
A square little case-bottle full of choice spirit,
Or the *Pastor of Ganton***, (we must not name names;)
Whose ticket the *Essence of Ether* proclaims.

Such a bottle came next as was ne'er seen before,
Its stopper the form of a *Coronet* bore:
In state it mov'd on, and the ticket tied round,
Said, "The *Acid of Vitriol*†† is here to be found."

A fanciful flask to the view next unfolds,
Some juice of the Lemon; much spirit it holds;
But so pleasantly mix'd, you may drink o'er and o'er,
Yet still be as thirsty and brisk as before.

Full many a blockhead his satire has whipt,
For his wit is as keen as *his coat's nondescript;*
And this is his motto, (no bad one you'll say)
"*Here's the blood of Old Snowball*‡‡, *so gallant and gay.*"

Come, smart little pint, *Squire Thornton*||||, advance,
And *Aldby*§§, rose-colour'd, a flask of right Nantz:
Says label the first, "Though so young, I can *think;*"
Says label the second, "Who loves me must drink,"

But what's this strange phial we saw not before,
Whose flourishing motto proclaims *Hellebore?*
It whizzes and bounces quite up to the sky,
And if not well cork'd, like a *Hawke* it will fly.

† Tatton Sykes, esteemed one of the best gentleman riders in England.

‡ His brother, the Reverend C. Sykes.

|| Major Bower, a man respected by every body; and who carries more weight by his own manners, than his hunters do in carrying him.

§ John Grimstone, Esq. a very pleasant and facetious companion.

** Reverend William Legard.

†† Lord Middleton, held to have not the most amiable disposition, and whose looks keep his temper in *countenance.*

‡‡ Major Topham, frequently distinguished by his whimsicality of dress; but more as contributing to the pleasure and vivacity of the Malton Meeting.

|||| Young Will, remarkably little in his person, but not so in his understanding—a pocket volume of reflection.

§§ Mr. Darley, who shows a good deal of spirits—unadulterated.

☞ The remainder appear to be named.

What numbers beside in brisk motion are seen!
Gay Burton, a bottle of Rhenish, in green:
Watt-Crœsus, whose riches can never be told—
A neat *pocket phial* of potable gold!

This groupe before night of their change became glad;
For, top-full of liquor, how could they be sad?
Till Mab sent her fairies next midnight, and then,
They back again chang'd them from bottles to men.

HUNTING SONG.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our humour 's in quest of the hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodland we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun.
Health, joy, and felicity dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, though a stout one, begins to decline.
A chase of two hours, or more, she has led;
She 's down, look about you,—they have her—she 's dead.
How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

EPILOGUE TO MR. H*******.

IF we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers,
You'll find that some initials are great fighters:—
How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
Cross Captain X, and rough old General Izzard!
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the alphabet is up in arms,
Nor with less lustre have initials shone,
To grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give—a letter and a dash—
Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a failing,
And loses half its grossness by curtailing.
Faux pas are told in such a modest way,
"Th' affair of Colonel B. with Mrs. A."
You must excuse them—for what is there, say,
Which such a pliant vowel must not grant
To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife 's a *liquid*, her good man a *mute!*
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials, I am told, have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old fashion'd race:
And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,
Replies, "I'll come—but it don't rest with me—
I always leaves them things to Mrs. C.
O should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would ambition sigh and hang her head,
As each lov'd syllable should melt away.
Her Alexander turn'd into great A;
A single C—her Cæsar to express,
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S;
And, nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H——.